MATERIALS FOR THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

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MATERIALS FOR THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

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PREFACE

THERE IS no need for another biography of William Shakespeare just now. Quite assured of this fact, I should like to present my apologies for the pages that follow. I am not attempting a biography; I am merely presenting to your consideration the most important among the number of early sketches, anecdotes, biographies, criticisms, and documents concerned with Shakespeare and his times. All of these materials are tucked away, in partial quotations, in the pages of sundry modern books about Shakespeare. But I have a conviction that the student and even the general reader will like to see presented in one volume and in a simple form these sources for our information about one of the best known as well as one of the greatest men of his period. In the case of the plays themselves, there may be a question if they would survive a triumphant pedantry that would print, *verbatim et literatim*, the text of quarto or folio, with spelling, punctuation, and capitalization as in the seventeenth century, and *without* the explanatory stage directions, etc. Fortunately, the sheer power and beauty of the poetry have forever made impossible such a calamity: we have accepted gratefully the magical words of Prospero in modern spelling. There is no sound reason why we should not endeavor to make Greene and Chettle and the rest more readily intelligible to the ordinary reader than they would be in a facsimile. The texts in this volume appear, in almost all cases, in modern dress. They are, as far as may be, exact and faithful in offering you the sense the writer meant to

offer. The explanatory matter, whether in the form of footnote or comment, has been made as brief as seemed consistent with clearness and accuracy. I have endeavored to keep clear of controversial opinions. Though not desirous of emulating Mr. Thomas Gradgrind, I confess to a serious distaste for the gratuitous surmises or guesses or theories that are so apt to lure the student away from solid fact. The real scholar can readily pursue interesting items about the unfortunate cousins (Arden) who suffered persecution unto death because they were Catholics, or about whether John Florio stood for the portrait of Holofernes, the schoolmaster (*L. L. L.*); multiplicity of details in these and other special lines merely perplexes or discourages the reader. I have sought to give the feeling that the men and women of Tudor times were really very much alive and essentially very like ourselves. I have therefore quite deliberately given more copious and more varied excerpts from the writings of the time than will be found, for example, in such excellent books as Lambert's *Shakespeare Documents* or the *Shakspere Allusion Book*. Manifestly, I could not reproduce all of the material constituting the warp of English life in this period. For example, how richly human, but also how voluminous, is the record of the "progresses" of Elizabeth, of those gorgeous and varied entertainments offered her by nobles of the Leicester kind (*Kenilworth*), by watchful lawyer politicians (the play of *Gorboduc*), by the citizens of a little town. Shakespeare had seen the like; but this is only one sort of item; he had also seen men stretched on the rack or beheaded or hanged, drawn, and quartered; he doubtless walked every day or so across London Bridge, its tower decorated with a score of rotting human heads; he probably saw the

mustering of the trained bands (or militia) of London to go to Tilbury and await the landing of Philip's Armada—and so on and so forth. From this cornucopia I have selected just a few items concerning Shakespeare and his associates and the business that occupied the main part of his life. So far as seemed possible, I have arranged the materials in chronological order and also with the idea of their bearing on particular interests or aspects of his career.

It remains only for me to express my thanks to my colleagues, especially to Miss Mildred Christian, for helpful suggestions and for collating the material collected; and to Dr. John M. McBryde, of Tulane University, for careful reading of the manuscript and of the proofs.

PIERCE BUTLER

Newcomb College
November 16, 1929

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MATERIALS FOR THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

I. EARLY BIOGRAPHY AND ANECDOTE

1. Nicholas Rowe's Life of Shakespeare. 2. Aubrey. 3. Fuller. 4. The Marriage and the Davenant Story. 5. The Poaching Incident.

In the Parish Register of the Church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford on Avon, one who has the proper credentials to view and to touch so precious a document may find a record like this, under the year 1564, and the date, April 26: "Gulielmus, filius Johannes Shakspere." It may be doubted whether the ordinary inquirer would be able to read so much, not only because the language in which the record is made is Latin, but also because the form of writing is one very unfamiliar to any except those who have studied especially the handwriting of the sixteenth century, and because, further, he would probably need someone to help him find the record at all. This, however, is the record of the baptism of William Shakespeare.

Now we are going to set forth, as well as we can, a rather full collection of the documents and the early records, both manuscript and printed, upon which our knowledge of Shakespeare rests. We invite you to reflect that it is a very fortunate circumstance indeed that we can be so precise as to the date of baptism of a man apparently of no great social standing, born more than three centuries ago in an obscure little English town. You who read this, can you prove

speare purchased New Place, in Stratford.[1] In 1599 he was a shareholder in the Globe Theatre.[2] His father was buried in Stratford, September 8, 1601. In May, 1602, Shakespeare bought the Combe Lands, 107 acres, at Stratford.[3] With the accession of James I his company became the King's Players, and he was a "groom of the chamber." In 1604 and for several years he was residing in Silver Street, London, with Christopher Mountjoy.[4]

His mother, Mary Arden, was buried at Stratford, September 9, 1608. In 1610 he became also a shareholder in the Blackfriars Theatre, acquired by his company; and in 1613 he bought a house in the Blackfriars district.

His death occurred at Stratford, April 23, 1616, in the fifty-third year of his age.

Since it will be our purpose to try to let his contemporaries, both his friends and his enemies, tell the story as nearly as may be in their own words, we shall not give you in this place any of the customary discussions regarding either his ancestry or the profession of his father, or the question of his schooling, etc. Instead, we shall turn the narrative over to the one who has the honor of being the first of the biographers of Shakespeare, and who has had, in general, the misfortune to be overlooked in the gratitude of those who have written quite large volumes upon the life and times of Shakespeare.

This person was no less than poet laureate in his

[1]See p. 94. [2]See p. 126. [3]See p. 135. [4]See pp. 139 ff.

day. He was, likewise, a secretary of state in the time of George I, a friend of Addison, and for a time a friend of Pope, who wrote some verses for his tomb in Westminster. He wrote plays himself, and successful plays, like *Jane Shore*. He saw them acted on the stage, with that very "gay Lothario" who first makes his bow as a familiar figure in *The Fair Penitent*. He knew the stage somewhat in the same way in which Shakespeare had known it. And it may be said that this man, Nicholas Rowe, deserves better of the scholars than he has had. Nicholas Rowe published in 1709 one of the first editions of Shakespeare's plays. He undertook to do more than had been done for Shakespeare in the First Folio of 1623. He considered it his duty to provide the plays consistently with some of the machinery which makes it easier to understand them as we read them. In this way he was the first to divide the plays into acts and scenes (comparatively few of the plays have any indication of this sort in the Folio). He also provided some matter such as lists of dramatis personae and minor stage directions, exits, and entrances.

More important than that, Rowe had for some years, through his connection with the stage, been diligent in his search for anecdotes about the writer of the plays. The stage, like the Church, is jealous of its traditions and preserves them long. There can be no doubt that Rowe took very considerable pains to collect information which he modestly classes *Some Account of the Life of William Shakespear*. Nicholas

Rowe's *Life* is, first, one that attempts to follow the career of Shakespeare in an orderly fashion, and it is, also, we would say, done with a reasonable scholar's care to discriminate between what is valuable fact and what is merely the talk or tradition about Shakespeare.

In the text that follows we have made no alterations, using the edition of 1709. It might interest readers to show them how unsettled was the art of punctuation and capitalization as applied to printing at the time when Rowe was writing; therefore some pages are printed with the erratic capitalization of the original. In order to avoid captious interruptions of Rowe's narrative, we have refrained from pedantic footnotes as far as possible. Where it has seemed wiser to correct or to amplify some information he has given, we have taken the liberty of doing so, that the student might have a reasonably reliable guide. There are a few errors of fact which must be corrected; there is some carelessness or confusion in the critical estimates of the plays; but it is quite remarkable that this first attempt at a critical survey of the Shakespeare plays as a whole should manifest such sound good taste. Rowe was writing appreciatively of Shakespeare at a time when the deadly "classic" rules were worshiped, when the rather smug Mr. Addison ventured to condescend to the Elizabethan poets as able to delight a "barbarous age," when Shylock was played as a comic part, and when *King Lear* was provided with a "happy ending."

1. ROWE'S LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

Some Account of the Life ETC. of Mr. William Shakespear.

It seems to be a kind of Respect due to the Memory of Excellent Men, especially of those whom their Wit and Learning have made famous, to deliver some Account of themselves, as well as their Works, to Posterity. For this Reason, how fond do we see some People of discovering any little Personal Story of the Great Men of Antiquity, their Families, the common Accidents of their Lives, and even their Shape, Make and Features have been the Subject of critical Enquiries. How trifling soever this Curiousity may seem to be, it is certainly very Natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an Account of any remarkable Person, till we have heard him described even to the very Cloaths he wears. As for what relates to Men of Letters, the knowledge of an Author may sometime conduce to the better understanding of his Book: and tho' the Works of Mr. *Shakespear* may seem to many not to want a Comment, yet I fancy some little Account of the Man himself, may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the Son of Mr. *John Skakespear*, and was Born at *Stratford* upon *Avon* in *Warwickshire*, in April 1564. His Family as appears by the Register and Public Writings relating to that Town, were of Good Figure and Fashion there and are mentioned as Gentlemen. His Father who was a considerable Dealer in Wool, had so large a Family, ten Children in all, that tho' he was his eldest Son he could give him no better Education than his own Employment. He had bred him, 't is true, for some time at a Free-School Where 't is probable he acquir'd that little Latin he was Master of: But the narrow-

ness of his Circumstances, and the want of his assistance at Home, forc'd his Father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further Proficiency in that Language.[1] It is without Controversy, that he had no knowledge of the Writings of the Antient Poets, not only from this Reason, but from his Works themselves, where we find no trace of any thing that looks like an Imitation of 'em; the Delicacy of his Taste and the natural Bent of his own Great *Genius*, equal, if not superior to some of the best of theirs, would certainly have led him to Read and Study 'em with so much Pleasure, that some of their fine Images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them may be an Argument of his never having read 'em. Whether his Ignorance of the *Ancients* were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a Dispute. For tho' the knowledge of 'em might have made him more Correct yet it is not improbable but that the Regularity and Deference for them which would have attended that Correctness, might have restrained some of that Fire, Impetuousity, and even beautiful Extravagance which we admire in Shakespear.[2] And I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had

[1]Research has really added nothing definite to Rowe's account here; but it has shown that the opinion he advances in the next sentence is hardly correct. It will be seen below, in the comments by Francis Meres, that Shakespeare was a lover of Ovid; and we know that the curriculum of such a school as that at Stratford provided for a rather long list of Latin writers, including the author of the *Menaechmi*, imitated in the *Comedy of Errors*.

[2]Here we cease reproducing Rowe's capitalization and spelling, except for some proper names like Shakespear and Johnson.

given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it is possible for a master of the English language to deliver 'em. Some Latin, without question he did know, and one may see up and down in his plays how far his reading that way went: In *Love's Labours Lost*, the pedant comes out with a verse of Mantuan; and in *Titus Andronicus*[1] one of the Gothic Princes upon reading:

Integer vitae scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu—[2]

says, " 'T is a verse in Horace," but he remembered it from his Latin grammar; which I suppose was the author's case. Whatever Latin he had, 't is certain he understood French, as may be observed from many words and sentences scattered up and down his plays in that language, and especially from one scene in Henry the Fifth written wholly in it. Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his Father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was a daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighborhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of, forced him both out of his country and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the great-

[1]*L. L. L.*, IV, ii, 96; *Titus And.*, IV, ii, 20; *Henry V*, III, iv.

[2]He who is honest in his life and free from evil, needs not the darts of the Moor, nor the bow.

est geniuses that was known in dramatic poetry.

He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford.[1] For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer.

His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and tho' I inquired I could never meet with any further account of him in this way, than that the top of his performance was the ghost in his own

[1]This famous, or infamous, story has been neither positively rejected nor completely accepted. Rowe accepted it as he accepts other items of gossip, but he does not stress it too much. One scholar who showed that Lucy did not have a park for deer at Charlecote failed to note that Rowe does not say the park was the one on the Charlecote property. A scurrilous ballad, with a few items suggesting the possible origin of the story, will be given presently.

Hamlet.[1] I should have been much more pleased to have learned from some certain authority, which was the first play he wrote; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know, what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakespear's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in 'em, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at first sight.

Mr. Dryden seems to think that *Pericles* is one of his first plays; but there is no judgment to be formed on that, since there is good reason to believe that the greatest part of that play was not written by him, tho' it is owned some part of it certainly was, particularly the last act. But tho' the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the chorus in the beginning of the fifth act of *Henry Fifth*, by a compliment very handsomely turned to the Earl of Essex shows the play to have been written when that Lord was General for the Queen in Ireland: and his Elegy upon the Q. Elizabeth and her successor K.

[1]Again, little more is known.

James, in the latter end of his *Henry VIII*, is a proof of that play's being written after the accession of the latter of those two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writings were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased to see a genius arise among them of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favorite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good natured man of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion;[1] so that it is no wonder if with so many good qualities he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times.

Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour; it is that maiden princess plainly, whom he intends by:

> A fair vestal, throned by the west.
> —*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

And that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more and to show him in love. This is said to be the occasion for his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion, it may not be improper to observe that this part of *Falstaff*

[1]The testimony on this point is much the same from several contemporaries; it is noted here merely to remind the reader that most of the statements made by Rowe are, like this, sustained by such evidence as we can gather.

is said to have been written originally under the name of *Oldcastle*, some of that family being then remaining. And the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff.[1]

The present offence was indeed avoided; but I don't know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain that Sir John Falstaff, who was a Knight of the Garter and a Lieutenant General, was a name of distinguished merit in the wars in France in Henry the Fifth's and Henry the Sixth's times. What grace soever the Queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only that he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honor to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the Earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his *Venus and Adonis* the only piece of his poetry which he ever published himself, tho' many of his plays were surreptitiously and lamely printed in his lifetime.[2]

There is one instance so singular in the magnificence[3]

---

[1]Rowe overlooks the proof of the name, Oldcastle, in the play itself (1 *Henry IV*, I, ii, 40), and the poet's explicit repudiation of any intent to offend, in the epilogue. He also accepts Falstaff as equivalent to Fastolfe, though Shakespeare certainly did not mean to identify the fat rascal with the personage "who played the coward" as a contrast to Talbot, who played the patriot-hero in 1 *Henry VI*, I, i, 131; III, ii, 104; IV, i, 9. The similarity in name would be of no significance even if it were closer.

[2]Rowe overlooks *Lucrece*.

[3]Meaning "noble generosity or liberality," as Spenser uses it. There is no other authority for the fact reported; in view of Rowe's own statement about it, there is probably some truth in the rumor handed down by Davenant.

of this patron of Shakespear's that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted, that my Lord Southampton, at one time, gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to carry through a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time; and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shown to French dancers and Italian eunuchs.

What particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that everyone who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candor and good nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him. Amongst these was the incomparable Mr. Edmund Spenser, who speaks of him in his *Tears of the Muses*, not only with the praises due to a good poet, but even lamenting his absence with the tenderness of a friend. The passage is in Thalia's complaint for the decay of dramatic poetry, and the contempt the stage then lay under. I know some people have been of opinion that Shakespear is not meant by *Willy*, in the first stanza of these verses, because Spenser's death happened twenty years before Shakespear's. But besides that the character is not applicable to any man of that time but himself, it is plain by the last stanza that Mr. Spenser does not mean that he *was then really* dead but only that he had withdrawn himself from the public or at least withheld his hand from writing, out of a disgust he had taken at the

then ill taste of the town, and the mean condition of the stage.[1]

> And he the man whom nature's self had made
> To mock herself, and truth to imitate,
> With kindly counter under mimick shade.
> Our pleasant Willy ah! is dead of late:
> With him all joy and jolly merriment
> Is also deaded and in dolour drent.
>
> Instead thereof, scoffing scurrillity
> And scorning folly with contempt is crept,
> Rolling in rhymes of shameless ribaudry,
> Without regard or due decorum kept;
> Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
> And doth the learned's task upon him take.
>
> But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
> Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow
> Scorning the boldness of such base born men,
> Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw:
> Doth rather choose to *sit in idle cell*
> Than so himself to mockery to sell.

Mr. Dryden was always of opinion that these verses were meant of Shakespear; and 'tis highly probable they were so, since he was three and thirty years old at Spenser's death; and his reputation in poetry must have

[1]Alas, it seems quite out of the question to connect the references here with Shakespeare. The *Willy* of these lines was some one of the group of "University Wits" to which Sidney, Spenser, Harvey, and others belonged. The "upstart crow" (see Greene, below) would not be welcomed in flowing verse to that elect company. The person complimented by Spenser may have been Sidney, or Lyly, or even Dick Tarleton of the "Merry Jests." We do not know.

been great enough before that time to have deserved what is there said of him.[1] His acquaintance with Ben Johnson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature. Mr. Johnson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly, and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer that it would be of no service to their company when Shakespear luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Johnson and his writings to the public. After this they were professed friends; tho' I don't know whether the other ever made him an equal return for his gentleness and sincerity.

Ben was naturally proud and insolent and in the days of his reputation did so far take upon him the supremacy in wit, that he could not but look with an evil eye upon anyone that seemed to stand in competition with him. And if at times he has affected to commend him, it has always been with some reserve, insinuating his uncorrectness, a careless manner of writing, and want of judgment; the praise of seldom altering or blotting out what he writ, which was given him by the players who were the first publishers of his works after his death, was what Johnson could not bear; he thought it impossible perhaps for another man to strike out the greatest thoughts in the finest expression, and to reach those excellencies of poetry with the ease of a first imagina-

[1]We should not forget that Rowe has at least sought contemporary notice of Shakespeare's reputation; the full evidence of this reputation, in Meres, was apparently unknown to him.

tion, which himself with infinite labour and study could but hardly attain to. Johnson was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakespear, tho' at the same time I believe it must be allowed that what nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eton, and Ben Johnson, Sir John Suckling who was a professed admirer of Shakespear had undertaken his defence against Ben Johnson with some warmth; Mr. Hales who had sat still for some time hearing Ben frequently reproaching him with the want of learning, and ignorance of the ancients told him at last, *that if Mr. Shakespear had not read the Ancients he had likewise not stolen anything from them* (a fault the other made no conscience of); *and that if he would produce any one topic finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to show something upon the same subject at least as well written, by Shakespear.* Johnson did indeed take a large liberty even to the transcribing and translating of whole scenes together; and sometimes with all deference to so great a name as his, not altogether for the advantage of the authors of whom he borrowed.[1] And if Augustus and Virgil were really

[1]The strictures upon Jonson, much too severe in their implication of ill nature or envy to the writer of such lines as those prefixed to the First Folio, have aroused the ire of Jonson's champions. There is only Rowe's statement, doubtless based on reliable tradition, for the fact that Shakespeare's good nature gave the young Jonson a chance. But detecting in Jonson's several references to Shakespeare the spirit of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, is petty and wholly without warrant of fact. It is but human that Jonson, whose hobby was meticulous obedience to rule and precept of "the ancients,"

as he made them in a scene of his *Poetaster*, they are as odd an emperor and a poet as ever met. Shakespear, on the other hand was beholding to no body farther than the foundation of the tale, the incidents were often his own and the writing entirely so. There is one play of his indeed, *The Comedy of Errors*, in a great measure taken from the *Menaechmi* of Plautus. How that happened, I cannot easily divine, since, as I hinted before, I do not take him to have been master of Latin enough to read it in the original, and I know of no translation of Plautus so old as his time.

As I have not proposed to myself to enter into a large and complete criticism upon Mr. Shakespear's works, so I suppose it will neither be expected that I should take notice of the severe remarks that have been formerly made upon him by Mr. Rhymer. I must confess, I can't very well see what could be the reason of his animadverting with so much sharpness, upon the faults of a man excellent on most occasions, and whom all the world ever was and will be inclined to have an esteem and veneration for. If it was to show his own knowledge in the art of poetry, besides that there is a vanity in making that only his design, I question if there be not many imperfections in those schemes and precepts he has given for the direction of others, as well as in that sample of tragedy which he has written to show the excellency of his own genius. If he had a pique against the man and wrote on purpose to ruin a reputation so well established

---

should find the reckless profusion of Shakespeare a fault rather than a virtue. But this difference of opinion and of taste between the two was surely compatible with good humor and friendly feeling. Not all of those who write about Shakespeare keep safely "on this side of idolatry."

he has had the mortification to fail altogether in his attempt, to see the world at least as fond of Shakespear as of his critic.[1] But I won't believe a gentleman and a good natured man, capable of the last intention. Whatever may have been his meaning, finding fault is certainly the easiest task of knowledge, and commonly those men of good judgment, who are likewise of good and gentle dispositions, abandon this ungrateful province to the tyranny of pedants. If one would enter into the beauties of Shakespear, there is a much larger as well as a more delightful field; but I won't prescribe to the tastes of other people, so I will only take the liberty and with all due submission to the judgment of others, to observe some of those things I have been pleased with in looking him over.

[1]Thomas Rymer (1641-1713) is surely known to many through *Rymer's Foedera*—the famous collection of British treaties and conventions. But as a critic, if remembered at all, he will be remembered as a sort of Herostratus, for his feebly incendiary remarks about some of the great tragedies. Like some recent critics we might name, he measured Shakespeare by the poor standards of his own pedantry: the plays do not satisfy his rules of thumb; therefore the plays are bad—which is perfect logic, but also perfect nonsense. In his *Short View of Tragedie* (1693) the closing sentences on *Othello* are so suggestive and so reassuring to any who may be in despair over the present low estate of good taste and of church attendance that we quote: "What can remain with the audience to carry home with them from this sort of poetry for their use and edification? How can it work, unless . . . to delude our senses . . . and fill our head with vanity?. . . Our only hopes for the good of their souls can be that these people go to the playhouse as they do to church, to sit still, look on one another, make no reflection, nor mind the play more than they would a sermon. There is in this play some burlesque, some humour and ramble of comical wit, some show and mimickry to divert the spectators: but the tragical part is, plainly, none other than a bloody farce, without salt or savour." (Spingarn, *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, II, 254.)

His plays are properly to be distinguished only into Comedies and Tragedies. Those which are called Histories, and even some of his Comedies, are really Tragedies with a run or mixture of Comedy amongst them. That way of Trage-Comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the English taste, that tho' the severer critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleased with it than with an exact Tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of the Shrew* are all pure comedy; the rest however they are called have something of both kinds. 'Tis not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and tho' they did not then strike at all ranks of people as the satire of the present age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and well distinguished variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with.

Falstaff is allowed by everybody to be a masterpiece, the character is always well sustained tho' drawn out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death given by his old landlady, Mrs. Quickly, in the first act of *Henry Fifth* tho' it be extremely natural is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is that tho' he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vainglorious, and in short everything vicious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make it almost too agreeable, and I don't know whether some people have not in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly afforded them, been sorry to see his friend Hal use him so scurvily when he comes to the crown in the end of the second part of

Henry the Fourth. Amongst other extravagances in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he has made him a deer-stealer that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor under the name of Justice Shallow: he has given him very near the same coat of arms which Dugdale in his Antiquities of that County describes for a family there and makes the Welsh Parson descant very pleasantly upon them.[1] That whole play is admirable, the humours are various and well opposed; the main design which is to cure Ford of his unreasonable jealousy is extremely well conducted. Falstaff's *billet doux*, and Mr. Slender's "Ah, Sweet Ann Page!" are very good expressions of love in their way. In *Twelfth Night* there is something singularly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical steward Malvolio. The parasite and the vainglorious in Parolles, in *All's Well that Ends Well* is as good as anything of that kind in Plautus or Terence. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The conversation of Benedick and Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing* and of Rosalind in *As You Like It*, have much wit and sprightliness all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, were all very entertaining: and I believe Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*, and Apemantus in *Timon*, will be allowed to be masterpieces of ill nature and satirical snarling. To these I might add, that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice;* but tho' we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was

[1]Other odds and ends about the poaching episode will be given later.

designed tragically by the author.[1] There appears in it such a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the style or characters of comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of the most finished of any of Shakespear's. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caskets and the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by Antonio, is a little too much removed from the rules of probability: but taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written.

There is something in the friendship of Antonio and Bassanio very great, generous and tender. The whole Fourth Act, supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable, is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is what Portia says in praise of mercy, and the other on the power of music. The melancholy of Jacques, in *As You Like It*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting, and if, what Horace says,

"Difficile est proprie communia dicere,"[2]

'twill be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in his description of the several degrees and ages of man's life, tho' the thought be old and common enough.

His images are indeed everywhere so lively that the thing that he would represent stands fully before you, and you possess every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is as I think, as strong and uncommon as anything I ever saw; 't is an image of patience, speaking of a maid in love, he says——

[1]It may be worth while to emphasize the point that, again, Rowe's criticism seems to our day the sound one.

[2]It is a hard task to speak fittingly of commonplace things.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought
And sate like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.[1]

What an image is here given! and what a task it would have been for the greatest masters of Greece and Rome to have expressed the passions designed by this sketch of statuary. The style of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself; and the wit most commonly, sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggerel rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors* and a passage or two in some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was a common vice of the age he lived in; and if we find it in the pulpit made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the gravest divines of those times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage. But certainly the greatness of this author's genius does no way so much appear, as where he gives imagination an entire loose rein, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. Of these *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by former publishers of his works, can never have been first written by him: it seems to me as perfect in its kind as almost anything we have of his. One may observe that the unities are kept here with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing: tho' that was what I suppose he valued himself the least upon,

[1] *Twelfth Night*, II, iv, 113. The image admired by Rowe did very well until Mrs. Malaprop lifted it to the mantelpiece.

since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observed in these sort of writings; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith, for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His magic has something in it very solemn and very poetical; and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustained, shows a wonderful invention in the author who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon grotesques that ever was seen. The observation which I have been informed three very great men concurred in making upon this part was extremely just: "That Shakespear had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character." Among the particular beauties of this piece, I think one may be allowed to point out the tale of Prospero in the First Act; his speech to Ferdinand in the Fourth, upon the masque of Juno and Ceres; and that in the Fifth where he dissolves his charms and resolves to break his magic rod. This play has been altered by Sir William D'Avenant and Mr. Dryden; and tho' I won't arraign the judgment of those two great men, yet I think I may be allowed to say, that there are some things left out by them that might, and even ought, to have been kept in. Mr. Dryden was an admirer of our author, and indeed he owed him a great deal, as those who have read them both may very easily observe. And I think in justice to them both I should not omit what Mr. Dryden has said of him.

> Shakespear, who taught by none, did first impart
> To Fletcher Wit, to lab'ring Jonson Art.

He monarch like gave those his Subjects Law,
And is that Nature which they Paint and Draw,
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
While Jonson crept and gathered all below:
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digest,
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other men
'Tis with the drops that fell from Shakespear's Pen.
The Storm which vanished on the neighboring Shore[1]
Was taught by Shakespear's *Tempest* first to roar.
That Innocence and Beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted isle.
But Shakespear's magic could not copied be,
Within that Circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 't was bold, nor would you now,
That liberty to Vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magic supernatural things;
But Shakespear's Power is Sacred as a King's.
—*Prologue to "The Tempest" as altered by Mr. Dryden.*

It is the same magic that raises the Fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with the thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of the writer. But of the two last of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice among the tragedies of Mr. Shakespear. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of the Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults; but as Shakespear lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted

[1]Alluding to Fletcher's sea voyage.

with the regularity of those precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man who lived in a state of almost universal license and ignorance.[1] There was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatic poetry so far as he did.

The fable is what is generally placed the first, among those that are reckoned the constituent parts of a tragic or heroic poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the fable ought to be considered the fit disposition, order, and conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the drama that the strength and mastery of Shakespear lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill natured trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from true history, or novels and romances: and he commonly made use of them in that order, with those incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. So *The Winter's Tale*, which is taken from an old book, called *The Delectable History of Dorastus and Faunia*, contains the space of sixteen or seventeen years, and the scene is sometimes laid in Bohemia, and sometimes in Sicily, according to the original order of the story. Almost all the historical plays comprehend a

[1]The received opinion of the early eighteenth century; cf. the complacent Mr. Pope.

great length of time and very different and distinct places: and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman Empire. But in recompense for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the drama, the manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit *to be shown by the poet*, he may be greatly justified and in very many places greatly commended. For those plays which he has taken from the English or Roman history, let any man compare them and he will find the character as exact in the poet as in the historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title often tells you 'tis the life of King John, King Richard, etc. What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of Henry the Sixth, than the picture Shakespear has drawn of him! His manners are everywhere exactly the same with the story; one finds him still described with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction. Tho' at the same time the poet does justice to his good qualities and moves the pity of the audience for him, by showing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short scene in the second part of *King Henry the Sixth* which I cannot but think admirable of its kind.[1] Cardinal Beaufort who had murdered the Duke of Gloucester, is shown in the last agonies on his death bed, with the good king praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much

[1]The famous "He dies, and makes no sign," III, iii.

tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry VIII* that prince is drawn with the greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shown in an equal degree, and the shades of this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the artist wanted either the colours or the skill in the disposition of them; but the truth I believe might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to Queen Elizabeth, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his mistress to have exposed certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt more freely with the minister of that great king, and certainly nothing was more justly written than the character of Cardinal Wolsey. He has shown him tyrannical, cruel, and insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and his virtues, is finely and exactly described in the second scene of the Fourth Act. The distresses likewise of Queen Katherine in this play, are very movingly touched; and tho' the art of the poet has screened King Henry from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclined to wish the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners proper to the persons represented less justly observed in those characters taken from Roman history; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular greatness of mind of Mark Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two last, especially, you find them exactly as they are described

by Plutarch, from whom, certainly, Shakespear copied them. He has indeed copied his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents which might have been spared in a play. But as I hinted before, his design seems rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces where the fable is founded on one action only. Such are more especially *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design of *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the punishment of two families for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept between them, and occasioned the effusion of so much blood. In the management of the story he has shown something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love part, and very pitiful in the distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same tale with the *Electra* of Sophocles. In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, and the mothers are both concerned in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the first part of the Greek tragedy something very moving in the grief of Electra; but as Mr. D'Acier has observed, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the manners he has given that princess and her brother in the latter part. Orestes imbrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, tho' not immediately upon the stage, yet so near that the audience hear Clytemnestra crying out to Aegysthus for help, and to her son for mercy, while Electra, her daughter and a princess, both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency, stands upon the stage and encourages her brother in the parricide! What

horror does this not raise! Clytemnestra was a wicked woman and had deserved to die, nay, in the truth of the story she was killed by her own son; but to represent an action of this kind upon the stage is certainly an offence against those rules of manners proper to the persons that ought to be observed there. On the contrary, let us look a little on the conduct of Shakespear. Hamlet is represented with the same piety towards his father and resolution to revenge his death, as Orestes. He has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by incest; but 'tis with wonderful art and justness of judgment, that the poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent anything of that kind, he makes his father's ghost forbid that part of the vengeance.

"But howsoever thou pursuest this act
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her."

This is to distinguish rightly between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper passion of tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatic writer ever succeeded better in raising terror in the minds of his audience than Shakespear has done. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the scene where the king is murdered, in the Second Act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with which he writ; and both show how powerful he was in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet* without taking notice of the advantage with which we have seen this

masterpiece of Shakespear distinguish itself upon the stage by Mr. Betterton's fine performance of that part. A man, who tho' he had no other good qualities, as he had a great many, must have made his way into the esteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakespear's manner of expression, and, indeed, he has studied him so well, and is so much master of him that whatever part of his he performs he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it.

I must own a particular obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the passages relating to his life, which I have here transmitted to the public, his veneration for the memory of Shakespear having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up what remains he could of a name for which he had so great a value. Since I had at first resolved not to enter into any critical controversy, I won't pretend to enquire into the justness of Mr. Rhymer's remarks on *Othello;* he has certainly pointed out some faults very judiciously; and they are such as most people will agree, with him, to be faults. But I wish he had likewise observed some of the beauties too; as I think it became an exact and equal critic to do. It seems strange that he should allow nothing good in the whole. If the fable and the incidents are not to his taste, yet the thoughts are almost every where very noble, and the diction manly and proper. These last, indeed, are part of Shakespear's praise, which it would be very hard to dispute with him. His sentiments and images of things are great and natural; and his expression (tho' perhaps in some instances a little irregular) just, and raised in proportion

to the subject and occasion. It would be endless to mention the particular instances that might be given of this kind. But this book is in the possession of the public, and 'twill be hard to dip into any part of it without finding what I have said of him made good.

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends.[1] He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighborhood. Amongst them it is a story almost still remembered in that country that he had a particular intimacy with a Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury. It happened that in a pleasant conversation among their common friends, Mr. Combe told Mr. Shakespear, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired that it might be done immediately. Upon which Shakespear gave him these four verses:

> Ten in the hundred lies here ingraved.
> 'Tis a hundred to ten that his soul is not saved;
> If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
> Oh ho! Quoth the Devil, 't is my John a Combe.

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the

[1]After what he has just said regarding Betterton, one must believe this account to be essentially correct; and again modern scrutiny of all available records has added very little to the account.

man so severely that he never forgave it.[1]

He died in the 53rd year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument, as engraved in the plate, is placed in the wall. On his grave stone underneath is,

> Good Friend, for Jesus sake, forbear
> To dig the dust inclosed here.
> Blest be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones.

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder[2] to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Susannah, who was his favorite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was first married to Thomas Nash, Esq., and afterwards to Sir John Barnard of Abingdon, but died likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or to his family: the character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since Ben Johnson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, tho as I have before hinted, he was not very cordial to his friendship, I will venture to give it in his words.

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespear, that in writing (whatsoever he penned) *he never blotted out a line*. My answer hath been—*would he had blotted a thousand*, which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their

[1]This is an error, of course; Combe, who died in 1614, left a remembrance of £5 to his friend Shakespeare.

[2]Judith was the younger daughter, and the third child was the son, Hamnet, twin to Judith.

ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted, and to justify my own candor (for I love the man, and do honour his memory, on this side of idolatry, as much as any). He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary that he should be stopped. 'Sufflaminandus erat,' as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would that the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Caesar, one speaking to him:

Caesar, thou dost me wrong.

He replied:

Caesar did never wrong, but with just cause. . . .

and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues: There was ever more in him to be praised that to be pardoned."

As for the passage which he mentions out of Shakespear, there is somewhat like it in *Julius Caesar*,[1] but without the absurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have seen as quoted by Mr. Johnson. Besides his plays in this edition[2] there are two or three ascribed to him by Mr. Langbain which I have never seen and know nothing of. He writ likewise *Venus and Adonis*,

[1]III, i, 47.

[2]Rowe included the seven plays given in the Fourth Folio (1685), which are spurious; he accepted the material which, since the Folio of 1663, had been assigned to Shakespeare, but seemingly hesitated to follow Gerard Langbaine (*Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, 1691): "He has writ about forty-six plays, all which except three are bound in one volume Fol. printed London 1685."

and *Tarquin and Lucrece* in stanzas which have been printed in a late collection of poems. As to the character given of him by Ben Johnson there is a good deal true in it: But I believe it may be as well expressed by what Horace says of the first Romans who wrote tragedy upon the Greek models (or indeed translated them) in his Epistle to Augustus.

Natura sublimis et acer;
Nam spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet,
Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram.[1]

There is a book of poems published in 1640[2] under the name of Mr. William Shakespear, but as I have but very lately seen it without an opportunity of making any judgment upon it, I won't pretend to determine whether it be his or no.

2. AUBREY

With Rowe's fairly complete and consistent account of Shakespeare's life before us, let us call up other witnesses, contemporary or nearly so, who may add some definite items or some mere gossip about the many matters we should like to know more of. For example, is there any better suggestion as to when and how the young man from Stratford

[1]Horace *Epistles* II. 1. 166. In the last line, *in chartis* is replaced in standard texts by *inscite*. The general sense would be the same, being in fact a sly refutation of Ben quoted, as it were, from his own Horace praising the poets who were not sticklers for mere correctness. The sense is: Lofty and keen by nature: for he breathes forth the tragic spirit, and is happy in his daring, but he thinks an erasure a fault to be feared in his manuscripts.

[2]This reference is to the 1640 edition of the *Sonnets* and a miscellaneous lot of other poems, some not by Shakespeare.

began his career in London? What have we to add about the marriage? What do others tell us about the quarrel with Sir Thomas Lucy? The answers to some of these queries may best be attempted here.

We do not know precisely when the young Shakespeare may have come up to London, nor do we know whether the reason for his coming was more serious and worthy of respect than that suggested by Rowe. It is not unlikely that a combination of circumstances united with the young man's ambition and consciousness of his own powers to bring him to London in or about 1587. We do not know what sort of occupation he first undertook when he came to London. That the young Shakespeare was enterprising, willing, and capable in several lines of activity would seem beyond any question, if we judge by that pragmatic sanction so dear to this generation: he proved himself to be efficient in the practical affairs of life; therefore we may assume that when he came to London, he found means of earning his living at any sort of occupation that offered.

In addition to the suggestions made in Rowe's biography, we have one or two others. The most interesting of these are the comments of Aubrey in his *Brief Lives, Chiefly of Contemporaries*, a manuscript completed in 1680, and compiled by this enthusiastic antiquary apparently from conversations with persons who were assumed to know something about Shakespeare. Aubrey, who might take place as an early biographer of Shakespeare, is much more of a

gossip than Rowe. He is more credulous; he has a great curiosity about little matters and seeks the "spicy," regardless of proper coördination. And yet he expresses some discrimination. He is obviously intent on finding and stressing the qualities of (1) a good actor and (2) a ready, shrewd, and humorous observer, one who could look "quite through the deeds of men"; and in a marginal note he assures us that his best source of information was Mr. Beeston, that is, William Beeston, actor and manager, son of Christopher Beeston, fellow-servant with Will Shakespeare when in 1598 the Lord Chamberlain's company acted Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*. Moreover, Aubrey tells us of the gossip heard among men like Davenant and Shadwell, both theatre men, even if one of them be made hopelessly ridiculous in *MacFlecknoe*.

Mr. William Shakespear[1] was born at Stratford upon Avon in the county of Warwick; his father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbors that, when he was a boy, he exercised his father's trade, but when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high style and make a speech. There was at that time another butcher's son in this town, that was held not at all inferior to him for a natural wit, his acquaintance and co-etanean, but died young. This Wm., being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London I guess

[1]Aubrey's comments on Shakespeare are reprinted in Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, II, 70, and in C. M. Ingleby (and others), *Shakspere Allusion Book*, II, 260. The quotation is from Aubrey's *Brief Lives*, ed. Clark, II, 225.

about 18, and was an actor at one of the play-houses, and did act exceedingly well. Now, B. Johnson was never a good actor but an excellent instructor. He began early to make essays at dramatic poetry, which at that time was very low, and his plays took well. He was a handsome well shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit: The humour of . . . , the constable in a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, he happened to take at Grenden in Bucks (I think it was Midsummer Night that he happened to lie there), which is the road from London to Stratford, and there was living that constable about 1642, when I first came to Oxon. Mr. Josias Howe is of that parish and knew him. Ben Johnson and he did gather humours of men daily wherever they came. One time, as he was at the tavern at Stratford-super-Avon, one Combes, an old rich usurer, was to be buried; he makes there this extemporary epitaph,

"Ten in the hundred the devil allows,
But Combes will have twelve he swears and vows;
If any one asks who lies in this tomb,
Hoh! quoth the devil, Tis my John o'Combe!"

He was wont to go to his native country once a year. I think I have been told that he left 2 or 300 li. per annum, there and thereabout, to a sister. I have heard Sir William Davenant and Mr. Thomas Shadwell, who is counted the best comedian we have now, say that he had a most prodigious wit (v. his Epitaph in Dugdale's Warw.), and did admire his natural parts beyond all other dramatical writers. He (B. Johnsons *Underwoods*) was wont to say that he never blotted out a line in his life; said Ben Johnson,——I wish he had blotted out a thousand. His comedies will remain wit as long as the Eng-

lish tongue is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum;* now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombities, that 20 years hence they will not be understood. Though, as Ben Johnson says of him, that he had but little Latin and less Greek, he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country. From Mr. Beeston.

This last item, attributed directly to Beeston, is quite rightly estimated as of real value in Professor Adams' *Life of William Shakespeare.*[1] It is the only sensible story told about how the young man earned his living before he came to London, and so simple and natural that it has usually escaped attention. In some additional notes recently made known[2] in their exact form, Aubrey adds this bit: "The more to be admired q. [=*quia*, because] he [Shakespeare] was not a company keeper; lived in Shoreditch; would not be debauched, and if invited to, writ: he was in pain."

3. FULLER

THAT SHAKESPEARE was about 1650 esteemed one of the worthies of his county and time is evident from his having a place in Fuller's *History of the Worthies of England*, in the section dealing with Warwickshire.[3] The notice is not an extended one and does not deserve to be accounted a biography. But

[1]Pp. 92 ff. [2]E. K. Chambers, Malone Society *Collections*, V, 341.
[3]Ingleby (and others), *Shakspere Allusion Book*, I, 483.

since it adds something at least to the environment in which Shakespeare lived and to the rather pedantic literary fashions in which he had to find his place, it is worth while to study it. You will see Master Fuller caught by the same easy pun that sufficed to suggest a device for our poet's coat of arms, and confident also that Ovid is the fit and necessary Latin poet to refer to.

William Shakespear was born at Stratford-on-Avon in this county, in whom three eminent poets may seem in some sort to be compounded,—1. Martial in the warlike sound of his surname, whence some may conjecture him of a military extraction, *hasti-vibrans* or Shake-speare. 2. Ovid, the most natural and witty of all poets; and hence it was that Queen Elizabeth, coming into a grammar-school made this extemporary verse,

"Persius a crab-staffe, bawdy Martial, Ovid a fine wag."

3. Plautus, who was an exact comedian yet never any scholar, as our Shake-speare, if alive, would confess himself. Add to all these that, though his genius generally was jocular and inclining him to festivity, yet he could, when so disposed, be solemn and serious, as appears by his tragedies; so that Heraclitus himself, I mean if secret and unseen, might afford to smile at his comedies, they were so merry, and Democritus scarce forbear to sigh at his tragedies, they were so mournful.—He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *poeta non fit sed nascitur*,—one is not made but born a poet. Indeed, his learning was very little, so that, as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and

smoothed even as they are taken out of the earth, so nature itself was all the art which was used upon him. Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Johnson, which two I behold like a Spanish galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Johnson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performance. Shake-speare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention. He died Anno Domini 16, . . . and was buried at Stratford upon Avon, the town of his nativity.

4. THE MARRIAGE AND THE DAVENANT STORY

IT WOULD seem that Rowe, in writing his admirable sketch, has sought with sincerity to "extenuate nought, nor set down aught in malice," as a just biographer should. He gives no details about Shakespeare's marriage. We can add something from contemporary documents, but we must be scrupulous not to interpret them unfairly.

It is incontestable that Shakespeare was married, not after the usual process of thrice publishing the banns in church, but by a special license granted by the bishop of the diocese of Worcester. There was nothing particularly unusual in this, and we know nothing of the circumstances, beyond the fact that, according to the law, two sureties gave bonds for the parties that there was no lawful impediment (such as consanguinity, previous contract, etc.) to the mar-

riage. This bond, given below, from the Registry of the Bishop of Worcester, names Fulke Sandells and John Richardson, farmers of Stratford, as men of property sufficient, and the bond is acknowledged by them, November 28, 1582:

The condition of this obligation is such that if hereafter there shall not appear any lawful let or impediment, by reason of any precontract, consanguinity, affinity, or by any other lawful means whatsoever, but that William Shagspere [*sic*] on the one part, and Anne Hathwey [*sic*], of Stratford in the diocese of Worcester, maiden, may lawfully solemnize matrimony together, and in the same afterwards remain and continue like man and wife, according unto the laws in that behalf provided; and moreover, if there be not at this present time any action, suit, quarrel, or demand moved or depending before any judge, ecclesiastical or temporal, for and concerning any such lawful let or impediment; and moreover, if the said William Shagspere do not proceed to solemnization of marriage with the said Anne Hathwey without the consent of her friends; and also if the said William do, upon his own proper costs and expenses, defend and save harmless the right reverend Father in God, Lord John Bishop of Worcester, and his officers, for licensing them, the said William and Anne, to be married together with once asking of the banns of matrimony between them, and for all other causes which may ensue by reason or occasion thereof, that then the said obligation to be void and of none effect, or else to stand and abide in full force and virtue.[1]

[1]Halliwell-Phillipps, *op. cit.*, II, 55.

Obviously, there was no impediment to the marriage, though we do not know when or where it was solemnized. It should be equally clear that, however imprudent the youth of eighteen may have been in the hasty marriage, his conduct did not leave any stain upon his reputation or upon his wife's, so far as records show. We do know that Susanna, the first child of the marriage, was christened in May, 1583, and that Judith and Hamnet, twins, were christened in February, 1585. We do know, as will amply appear from documents given later, that Shakespeare sought to return to his family and his native town. We do know that Anne Shakespeare survived her husband more than seven years and was buried next to him, her tomb having an inscription that testifies affection and regard. Therefore it would seem both more prudent and more kind to let our minds rest easy on the matter of the marriage, rather than to speculate about it when we know so little.

But since even the gossip about Shakespeare may have some significance, we shall here cite the sources for a most extraordinary story that has grown to such proportions as not to be passed by. It will be fair to say at this point that a special zest has been added to the story by the almost irresistible temptation to identify the actual persons who seem to take part in the story so easily discerned in the *Sonnets*—regardless of whether the whole be fact or fiction.

Aubrey, who gives us the notes about Shakespeare, also records notes about very many other eminent

persons, among them Sir William Davenant,[1] who was very active and successful in producing and writing plays when plays were again winked at by the closing years of the Commonwealth and enthusiastically welcomed by the returning Cavaliers in 1660. We know that he was a great admirer of Shakespeare, for whom he is said to have been named. And it is said that he learned from Taylor, an actor of the Blackfriars Company, the "business" of the part of Hamlet, which he in turn taught to Rowe's friend, Betterton.

Sir William Davenant, knight, poet laureate, was born about the end of February in. . . the city of Oxford, at the Crown Tavern; baptized 3" of March, A. D. 1605-6. His father was John Davenant, a vintner there, a very grave and discreet citizen; his mother was a very beautiful woman, and of very good wit, and of conversation extremely agreeable. They had three sons, viz.; Robert, William, and Nicholas an attorney. . . . Robert was a fellow of St. John's Coll. in Oxon, then preferred to the vicarage of West Kington. . . . Mr. William Shakespeare was wont to go into Warwickshire once a year, and did commonly in his journey lie at this house in Oxon, where he was exceedingly respected. I have heard Parson Robert say that Mr. W. Shakespeare has given him a hundred kisses. Now Sir Wm. would sometimes, when he was pleasant over a glass of wine with his most intimate friends, e. g. Sam Butler, author of *Hudibras*, etc., say that it seemed to him that he writ with the very spirit of Shakespeare, and was contented enough to be thought

[1] *Brief Lives*, I, 204.

his son; he would tell them the story as above, in which way his mother had a very light report. In those days she was called a trader. He went to school at Oxon.

The story is repeated by several later writers, but there is no addition to it based on anything but fanciful variations of the gossip Aubrey records, until Mr. Acheson[1] and the Countess of Chambrun[2] seek to identify Mrs. Davenant with the Dark Lady.

Not insisting on the points that Mrs. Davenant is not known to have been dark and that she was not of the class called lady, it would seem that the comment of two honest men would sufficiently dispose of this footless bit of gossip. The first witness is John Davenant, who says in his will:

First, I commit my soul to Almighty God. . . . my body I commit to the earth to be buried in the parish of St. Martin's in Oxford as near my wife as the place will give leave where she lieth.[3]

The second witness is Sir Walter Scott, in the Journal kept while he was driving himself to write *Woodstock:*

Read a few pages of Will D'Avenant, who was fond of having it supposed that Shakespeare intrigued with his mother. I think the pretension can only be treated as Phaeton was, according to Fielding's farce:

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[1] *Mistress Davenant, The Dark Lady of Shakespeare's Sonnets.*
[2] *The Sonnets of William Shakespeare.*
[3] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines,* II, 46.

"Besides, by all the village boys I'm shamed.
You, the sun's son, you rascal, you be damn'd"

Egad—I'll put that into *Woodstock*. It might come well from the old admirer of Shakespeare. Then Fielding's lines were not written. What then?—It is an anachronism for some sly rogue to detect. Besides, it is easy to swear they were written, and that Fielding adopted them from tradition.[1]

So Scott has his wholesome laugh in *Woodstock*, and we can join in.

5. THE POACHING INCIDENT

It has already been noted that Rowe records the story about the difficulty with Sir Thomas Lucy, without undue emphasis upon it. It is not impossible, though it is improbable, that he derived the story from the same Richard Davies,[2] quoted below. It is more probable that this, like other anecdotes, came to him through Betterton. Davies was vicar of Sapperton, Gloucestershire, and died in 1708. In manuscripts at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, there are a few notes on Shakespeare by the Reverend William Fulman (died 1688), to which Davies adds:

Much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sr.——Lucy, who had him oft whipt and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country, to his great advancement; but his revenge was so great that he is his Justice Clodpate,

[1] John Gibson Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, Diary for February 12, 1826. [2] *Shakspere Allusion Book*, II, 335.

and calls him a great man, and that in allusion to his name bore three louses rampant for his arms.

In the first place, it is clear to any reader of Shakespeare that the poet knew and loved the various forms of what we call hunting—perhaps it might be shown that coursing, stalking, hunting, and hawking furnish more allusions than any other subject—and one feels that this familiarity with the sports could hardly have arisen from mere book knowledge. Shakespeare was a lad from the country; its occupations and amusements were "the very jesses of his heart." We can refer to but a few here, such as the fine description of "poor Wat," the hunted hare, in *Venus and Adonis* (672-708), the elaborated comments on a royal hunt in *Love's Labor's Lost*, the aptly significant lines in *Titus Andronicus* (II, i. 92-93):

> What! hast not thou full often struck a doe
> And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

We need not elaborate the point. Clearly, Shakespeare knew something of poaching. Moreover, the malicious ingenuity shown in depicting a stupid justice of the peace and branding him with a coat of arms that is a travesty of the Lucy arms, could hardly leave us in doubt as to Shakespeare's cherishing a contempt for a gentleman named Lucy. Justice Shallow is ludicrous enough in the second part of *Henry IV;* he becomes more broadly absurd when he comes to Windsor (*Merry Wives of Windsor*) to make a Star-Chamber matter of his charge against Falstaff:

Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Tradition asserts, further, that the vengeful young man made a scurrilous ballad on Lucy. No trustworthy copy of this is known, for it is generally agreed that the doggerel quoted below, from the recollections of Thomas Jones, who died at a great age in 1703, rests upon too slender authority:

A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crow, at London an ass;
If lousy is Lucy, as some folk miscall it
Then Lucy is lousy, whatever befall it;
He thinks himself great,
Yet an ass in his state
We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is Lousy, as some folk miscall it,
Sing O lousy Lucy, whatever befall it.[1]

We hold no brief for this undignified production; but other great poets, when young and very angry, have vented doggerel—witness Byron's lines on the old lady at Swan Green. It may well be, indeed, that the whole story is made up after the event, that is, the references in the plays may have suggested to some garrulous old man of Stratford making up a tale to come in pat with the picture of Justice Shallow. At all events, we have given the evidence.

[1]Adapted from the version in J. Q. Adams, *A Life of William Shakespeare*, p. 89.

II. CRITICISM AND REPUTATION AMONG CONTEMPORARIES

1. Nash: Preface to Menaphon. *2. Greene:* Groatsworth of Wit. *3. Chettle:* Kind-Heart's Dream. *4. Marston, Webster, Heywood explain why they print plays. 5. Dedication of the Poems. 6. Meres:* Palladis Tamia. *7. Camden. 8.* The Return from Parnassus

1. NASH: PREFACE TO *MENAPHON*

At the time that Shakespeare was a young man fighting his way to fortune in London there was prevalent the habit of publishing many sorts of gossipy personal matter, as well as political and religious satire, in the form of pamphlets. These cheaply printed leaflets were sometimes of very considerable political significance and should be familiar to those who remember what a difficult task the authorities of church and state undertook when they sought to find out something about who was writing and who was printing a set of pamphlets attacking certain things in the established church. The Mar-Prelate writer or writers kept England stirred up during the years 1588-89. Thick as leaves in Vallombrosa upon the bookstalls fell leaflets making their bid for popular favor by an appeal to a love of the curious and the sensational, just as our newspaper press makes a similar appeal today. A good many of these leaflets were doubtless written by professional scribblers who

really did not mean anything like as much as they said. What they wanted was to sell their wares. Of course there were unquestionably violent personal feelings involved in some of these controversies. But human nature is very much the same, and we would suggest that you recall the pictures of the Grub Street writers given by Fielding, or by Thackeray in certain passages of *Pendennis* and *The Newcomes*. We can only guess as to whether the writer means his often scurrilous comment to be taken with full force, or whether he will be really quite willing to joke tomorrow with the very person whom he has been attacking today, as seems to have been the case in regard to Ben Jonson and some of his friendly enemies.

There was one little group of writers who seem to have had a good many tastes in common, and who certainly had at least a great readiness in adapting themselves to writing for the public taste. Such men were Thomas Nash, Robert Greene, and Christopher Marlowe. Nash and Greene were especially successful practitioners in almost all the kinds of writing sure of a sale. They could, and did, write ballads, love songs, plays, romance approaching the novel, realistic rogue stories, or autobiographical pamphlets in which they undertook, as it were, to undress and to scourge on the bare back both themselves and their enemies, to make a public spectacle. This trio is very interesting, and at least two of its members are so closely associated with Shakespeare that every student ought to give very careful study to the plays

of Greene and to the plays of Marlowe if he wishes to understand some of the traits appearing in Shakespeare.

Greene wrote a sort of romance in euphuistic style, *Menaphon*. Nash wrote the preface to the edition of *Menaphon* printed in 1589. It is so good an example of the style and of the taste, that we include it below. Moreover, it contains a most interesting reference to *Hamlet*, a reference which most scholars are thoroughly persuaded belongs properly in the life of Thomas Kyd. Quite obviously, this is not biography: this is a part of the raw material from which biography may be manufactured. It is quite clear that Nash is writing with what he means to be withering scorn of the ignorant upstart, the sciolist, as Ben would call him, who has successfully invaded the realm of poesy. But we imagine the "gentlemen students of both universities," whom Nash addresses in his preface, could laugh at the choice scurrility of Nash and Greene without being troubled to take in sober earnest what is said of the gross ignorance, low birth, and vile morals of the author of *Hamlet*.

To The Gentlemen Students of Both Universities.[1]

Courteous and wise, whose judgments (not entangled with envy) enlarge the deserts of the learned by your liberal censures, vouchsafe to welcome your scholar-like shepherd with such university entertainment as either the nature of your bounty or the custom of your common

[1]Text in Gregory Smith (ed.), *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, I, 307-20.

civility may afford. To you he appeals that knew him *ab extrema pueritia*,[1] whose *placet*[2] he counts the *plaudite*[3] of his pains; thinking his day labor was not altogether lavished *sine linea*,[4] if there be anything of all in it that doth *olere atticum*[5] in your estimate. I am not ignorant how eloquent our gowned age has grown of late, so that every mechanical mate abhors the English he was born to, and plucks with a solemn periphrasis his *ut vales*[6] from the inkhorn: which I impute not so much to the perfection of arts as to the servile imitation of vain-glorious tragedians, who contend not so seriously to excel in action as to embowel the clouds in a speech of comparison; thinking themselves more than initiated in poets' immortality if they but once get *Boreas* by the beard, and the heavenly bull by the dew-lap. But herein I cannot so fully bequeath them to folly, as their idiot art masters, that intrude themselves to our ears as the alchemists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to outbrave better pens with the swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse. Indeed, it may be the ingrafted overflow of some kilcow conceit, that overcloyeth their imagination with a more than drunken resolution, being not extemporal in the invention of any other means to vent their manhood, commits the digestion of their choleric incumbrances to the spacious volubility of a drumming decasyllabon. Among this kind of men that repose eternity in the mouth of a player, I can but engross some deep read grammarians, who, having no more learning in their skull than will serve to take up a commodity, nor art in their brain than was nourished in a serving man's idleness, will take upon them to be the

[1]From his very youth. [2]It is pleasing. [3] Applause, approval.
[4]Fruitlessly. [5]Smack of attic salt. [6]Salutation.

ironical censors of all, when God and poetry doth know they are the simplest of all. . . .

Oft have I observed what I now set down; a secular wit, that hath lived all days of his life by, "What do you lack?" to be more judicial in matters of conceit than our quadrant crepundios that spit *ergo*[1] in the mouth of every one they meet; yet those and these are so affectionate to dogged detracting, as the most poisonous *Pasquil* any dirty mouthed *Martin*[2] or *Momus* ever composed is gathered up with greediness before it fall to the ground, and bought at the dearest, though they smell of the fripler's lavendar half a year after: for I know not how the mind of the meanest is fed with this folly, that they impute singularity to him that slanders privily, and count it a great piece of art in an ink-horn man, in any tapsterly terms whatsoever, to oppose his superiors to envy. I will not deny but in scholarly matters of controversy a quicker style may pass as commendable, and that a quip to an ass is as good as a goad to an ox: but when an irregular idiot, that was up to the ears in divinity before ever he met with *probabile* in the University, shall leave *pro and contra* before he can scarcely pronounce it, and come to correct common weals, that never heard of the name of Magistrate before he came to *Cambridge*, it is no marvel if every alehouse vaunt the table of the world (is) turned upside down; since the child beats his father, and the ass whips his master. But lest I might seem with these night crows *nimis curiosus in aliena re-*

[1]That is, fellows who have no more learning than a peddler are more conceited than our foolish rattlebrains who spit out a "therefore." Of course Nash is exemplifying the "big talk."

[2]References to pamphlets and satires like Martin Mar-Prelate.

publica,[1] I'll turn back to my first text, of studies of delight, and talk a little in friendship with a few of our trivial translators.

It is a common practice now-a-days among a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Nouerint*,[2] whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavors of art, that could scarcely latinize their neck-verse if they should have need; yet English *Seneca* read by candle-light yields many good sentences, as *Blood is a beggar*, and so forth; and, if you entreat him fair in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches. But O grief! *tempus edax rerum*,[3] what is that will last always? The sea exhaled by drops will in continuance be dry, and *Seneca*, let blood line by line and page by page, at length must needs die to our stage; which makes his famished followers to imitate the Kid in *Aesop*, who, enamoured with the fox's new-fangles, forsook all hopes of life to leap into a new occupation; and these men, renouncing all possibilities of credit or estimation, do intermeddle with Italian translations:[4] wherein how poorly they have plodded (as those that are neither Provençal men nor are able to distinguish articles), let all indifferent gentlemen that have travailed in that tongue discern by their two-penny pamphlets: and no marvel though their home-born medioc-

[1]Too curious about a foreign republic, i.e., too much busied with what matters not.

[2]The trade of notary's clerk, from the frequent use of *nouerint*, "know all men by these presents," in copying legal documents.

[3]Time, devourer of all things.

[4]Reference is probably to Kyd, like the reference to *Hamlet*. See Boas, *Works of Thomas Kyd*, Int., pp. xx-xxiii, for fuller notes on the whole passage.

rity be such in this matter; for what can be hoped of those that thrust Elysium into hell,[1] and have not learned, so long as they have lived in the spheres, the just measure of the horizon without an hexameter? Sufficeth them to bodge up a blank verse[2] with "ifs and ands," and other while, for recreation after their candle stuff, having starched their beards most curiously, to make a peripatetic path into the inner parts of the city, and spend two or three hours in turning over French *Doudie*,[3] where they attract more infection in one minute than they can do eloquence all the days of their lives by conversing with any authors of like argument.

The sample we have given from Nash will serve to illustrate the tone prevalent in the literary society of 1590. It is clear only that Nash desires to create the impression that he and Greene are scholarly gentlemen, fit to commune with the "college set," and, *per contra*, that Kyd and others are presumptuous, ignorant upstarts. We are concerned here to note only that very shortly the same sort of attack is made upon Shakespeare.

2. GREENE: *GROATSWORTH OF WIT*

It is not a phenomenon without parallel—that of

[1]Possibly referring to the Induction to the *Spanish Tragedy;* but in Marlowe's *Faustus*, I, 295, the hero says: "For he confounds Hell in Elysium."

[2]"What villain! ifs and ands?" says Lorenzo in a fine theatric passage of the *Spanish Tragedy*, II, i, 79, which Shakespeare imitated in *Richard III*, III, iv, 70-80.

[3]A French courtesan, literally; but the reference is doubtless a most vicious allusion to Kyd's tragedy of *Cornelia*, translated from the French of Robert Garnier.

the fellow who alternates between ecstasies of debauchery and of self-abasement in religion. Sometimes one side of these experiences will be, perhaps, wholly or largely imagined and self-imputed, as we may think them in the case of Bunyan. Read the *Grace Abounding;* it is an interesting human document; it is very much more convincing and sincere in tone than Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a million of Repentance. Describing the folly of youth, the falsehood of makeshift flatterers, the misery of the negligent, and mischiefs of deceiving courtesans. Written before his death and published at his dying request.* There is no doubt that poor Robert Greene, who had so many talents and had profited but little by them, was sincere in regret for the wasted years. But may we not make allowance for some excess in his flamboyant statement of both sin and remorse for sin? At all events, Greene tells us the story of his own life in the earlier part of the *Groatsworth of Wit*, calling himself Roberto, and devising the sort of vehicle for his half fact, half fiction that one may see in the *Arcadia*, or in *Rosalynde*. He does not really finish his narrative, but breaks into it with the assurance that Roberto's life "in the most part agreeing with mine found one self punishment as I have done." He then produces ten rules for wise living and addresses a special plea to Marlowe, Nash, and Peele to be warned by his miserable end.[1]

[1]The text is available in Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, I, 327-28, and the whole series is reprinted under the editorship of G. B. Harrison in the *Bodley Head Quartos*.

To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities.

If woeful experience may move you, gentlemen, to beware, or unheard of wretchedness entreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look back with sorrow on your time past, and endeavor with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee will I first begin) thou famous gracer of tragedians,[1] that Greene, who hath said with thee, like the fool in his heart, there is no God, should now give glory unto His greatness; for penetrating is His power, His hand lies heavy upon me, He hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder, and I have felt He is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, His gift, be so blinded that thou shouldst give no glory to the giver? Is it pestilent Machiavellian policy that thou hast studied? O peevish folly! What are his rules but mere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time the generation of mankind? For if *sic volo, sic jubeo*,[2] hold in those that are able to command; and if it be lawful, *fas et nefas*,[3] to do anything that is beneficial, only tyrants should possess the earth; and they, striving to exceed in tyranny should each to other be a slaughter-man; till the mightiest outliving all, one stroke were left for death, that in one age man's life should end. The broacher of this diabolical atheism is dead, and in his life had never the felicity he aimed at; but as he began in craft, lived in fear, and ended in despair. *Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei Judicia?*[4] This murderer of many brethren had his con-

[1]The famous gracer of tragedians is probably Marlowe.
[2]So I will, so I command. [3]Lawful and unlawful.
[4]How past finding out are the judgments of God.

science seared like Cain; this betrayer of Him that gave His life for him inherited the portion of Judas; this apostate perished as ill as Julian: and wilt thou, my friend, be his disciple? Look but to me, by him persuaded to that liberty, and thou shalt find it an infernal bondage. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death; but willful striving against known truth exceedeth all the terrors of my soul. Defer not, with me, till this last point of extremity; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

With thee I join young Juvenal,[1] that biting satirist that lastly with me together writ a comedy. Sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words; inveigh against vain men, for thou canst do it, no man better, no man so well; thou hast a liberty to reprove all, and name none; for one being spoken to, all are offended; none being blamed, no man is injured. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage; tread on a worm, and it will turn; then blame not scholars vexed with sharp lines, if they reprove thy too much liberty of reproof.

And thou,[2] no less deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferior; driven (as myself) to extreme shifts; a little have I to say to thee; and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St. George thou art unworthy better hap, since thou dependest on so mean a stay. Base minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like me, sought those burrs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that spake from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colors. Is it not strange that I, to whom

[1]Probably Nash. [2]Probably Peele.

they all have been beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding, shall, were ye in that case as I now am, be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*,[1] supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*,[2] is in his own conceit the only Shakescene in a country. O that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let those apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions!

I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse; yet, while you may, seek you better masters, for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasure of such rude grooms.

In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against these buckram gentlemen; but let their own works serve to witness against their own wickedness, if they persevere to maintain any more such peasants. For other newcomers, I leave them to the mercy of these painted monsters, who, I doubt not, will drive the best minded to despise them; for the rest, it skills not though they make a jest at them.

But now return I again to you three, knowing my misery is to you no news; and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not, as I have done, in irreligious oaths; for from the blasphemer's house a curse shall not depart. Despise drunkenness, which

[1] "Oh, tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!" *3 Henry VI*, I, iv, 137.
[2] Jack of all trades.

wasteth the wit and maketh men all equal unto beasts. Fly lust, as the deathsman of the soul, and defile not the Temple of the Holy Ghost. Abhor those epicures, whose loose life hath made religion loathesome to your ears; and when they soothe you with terms of mastership, remember Robert Greene, whom they have often so flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many lighted tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain; these with wind-puffed wrath may be extinguished, which[1] drunkenness put out, which negligence let fall; for man's time is not of itself so short but it is more shortened by sin. The fire of my light is now at the last snuff, and for want of wherewith to sustain it; there is no substance left for life to feed on. Trust not, then, I beseech you, to such weak stays; for they are as changeable in mind as in many attires. Well, my hand is tired, and I am forced to leave where I would begin; for a whole book cannot contain their wrongs which I am forced to knit up in some few lines of words. . . . Desirous that you should live, though himself be dying. . . . Robert Greene.

3. CHETTLE: *KIND-HEART'S DREAM*

But Greene, or the bookseller, is reluctant to lose any possible moment in which he may impress upon you the lesson of a wasted life. The dying Robert Greene adds to the farewell just quoted another couched in the fable of the ant and the grasshopper, done partly in verse, partly in prose. To this

[1]The *which* here and in the next clause is probably a misprint for *with;* otherwise the fine balance of this eloquent conclusion is obscured.

again is added the poet's "letter written to his wife, found with this book after his death." And another pamphlet, *The Repentance of Robert Greene*, goes over the whole matter again, omitting the only items destined to prove of more enduring interest—the references to Nash, Marlowe, Peele, and Shakespeare.

There can be no doubt that Greene was a conspicuous figure, as well known to all London as any you could name. Therefore the severe judgment upon "the only Shakescene" must have been widely discussed and could hardly fail to damage the reputation of one who was seeking public favor. Certain it is, also, that more than one person thought himself aimed at in Greene's broadside invective, for about three months after Greene's death, which occurred in September, 1592, Henry Chettle offered an explanation of his share in preparing Greene's manuscripts for printing. On December 8, 1592, there was entered on the register at Stationers' Hall, *Kind-Heart's Dream. Containing five apparitions, with their Invectives against abuses reigning.* The dream and the invectives of the sundry apparitions (including Tarleton and Greene) are alike dull and profitless. But in the customary preface to the gentlemen readers, signed by Chettle, we have several interesting passages, and one in particular that has been taken as a direct apology to Shakespeare. Of course Chettle may not have had him in mind at all; but since the whole purpose of his preface and of his *Dream* is to take the sting out of the wounds inflicted by some of

the abusive pamphlets, his kindly words may be meant for the man who is alone almost called by name in Greene's attack; and "the other," with whom he cares not if he never be acquainted, may well have been either Marlowe or Kyd, then notorious as roisterers and atheists.

It hath been a custom, gentlemen (in my mind commendable), among former authors, whose works are no less beautified with eloquent phrase than garnished with excellent example, to begin an exordium to the readers of their time. Much more convenient I take it, should the writers in these days (wherein that gravity of inditing by the elder exercised is not observed, nor that modest decorum kept which they continued), submit their labors to the favorable censures of their learned overseers. For seeing nothing can be said that hath not been before said, the singularity of some men's conceits, otherwise excellent well deserving, are no more to be soothed than the peremptory posies of two very sufficient translators commended. To come in print is not to seek praise, but to crave pardon; I am urged to the one, and bold to beg the other: he that offends, being forced, is more excusable than the willful faulty; though both be guilty, there is difference in the guilt. To observe custom, and avoid as I may cavil, opposing your favors against my fear, I'll show reason for my present writing, and after proceed to sue for pardon. About three months since died Mr. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry booksellers' hands, among others his "Groatsworth of Wit," in which a letter to divers play-makers is offensively by one or two of them taken; and because on the dead they cannot be avenged, they willfully forge in

their conceits a living author; and after tossing it to and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I have all the time of my conversing in printing hindered the bitter inveighing against scholars, it hath been very well known; and how in that I dealt, I can sufficiently prove. With neither of them that take offense was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I never be. The other, whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that, as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion, especially in such a case, the author being dead,—that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art. For the first, whose learning I reverence, and, at the perusing of Greene's book, struck out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ; or, had it been true, yet to publish it was intolerable, him I would wish to use me no worse than I deserve. I had only in the copy this share:—it was ill written, as sometimes Greene's hand was none of the best; licensed it must be ere it could be printed, which could never be if it might not be read. To be brief, I writ it over; and as near as I could, followed the copy: only in that letter I put something out, but in the whole book not a word in; for I protest it was all Greene's, not mine nor Master Nash's, as some unjustly have affirmed. Neither was he the writer of an Epistle to the second part of Gerileon, though by the workman's error T. N. were set to the end:—that I confess to be mine, and repent it not.

Thus, gentlemen, having noted the private causes that made me nominate myself in print, being as well to purge Master Nash of that he did not, as to justify what I did, and withall to confirm what Mr. Greene did; I beseech ye accept the public cause, which is both the desire of your delight and common benefit; for though the toy be shadowed under the title of "Kindheart's Dream," it discovers the false hearts of divers that wake to commit mischief. Had not the former reasons been, it had come forth without a father: and then should I have had no cause to fear offending, or reason to sue for favor. Now am I in doubt of the one, though I hope of the other; which if I obtain, you shall bind me hereafter to be silent till I can present you with something more acceptable. Henry Chettle.

4. MARSTON, WEBSTER, HEYWOOD

From the contemporary documents, then, we have reasonably clear evidence that Shakespeare was fairly well established in London by September, 1592; that he was esteemed a good actor; that he had written plays which pleased the public better than those of Greene, hence arousing his enmity; and that Shakespeare must have been aspiring to competition in poetry instead of merely in plays for the noisy public. From some of the plays later printed under his name, such as *Henry VI* or *King John*, we can see that he had been collaborating with such men as Peele and Marlowe or recasting plays by these men and others. But as yet no play of his is known to have been printed. If he aspired to a place in the world of letters he must seek it through some creative work

more respectable than a popular play. We might pause here to quote one of the many Elizabethan writers who reveal the fact that, first, the sort of play which found favor in the public performance was often esteemed a low form of literature, and secondly, that the acting companies were the owners of successful plays and thought they had sound reasons for hindering publication. Among the many that might be cited, the most amusing to our mind is the case of Ben Jonson, notorious for his desire to be accounted a scholar and a man of letters, who was the first to prepare for publication a collection of his productions, and who got laughed at for calling the volume his *Works*. The laughter echoes some years later, in Ben's old age, when Suckling represents him attending a meeting of the poets and preferring his claims to the bay wreath of the laureate:

> The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
> Prepared before with canary wine,
> And he told them plainly he deserved the bays,
> For his were called works, where others were but plays.[1]

But several writers of plays make far more specific comment about the printing of those "trifles" called plays. Note what is said by John Webster and by Thomas Heywood, each of whom has his different feeling about the play and the public.

The rather loud-speaking John Marston, who often affected "robustious" speech and the haughty tone

[1] *Works*, Ed. Hazlitt, London, 1892, I, 7. A similar quip is found, anonymous, in the anthology, *Musarum Deliciae*, I, 124.

of the satirist, wrote in very sensible vein about one objection which the artist might feel against the printing of what was meant for the living realization of the stage. He is explaining why (chiefly to escape the evils of a pirated edition) he is printing *The Malcontent* (1604):

> I would fain leave the paper; only one thing afflicts me, to think that scenes, invented merely to be spoken should be enforcively published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive is to do myself the wrong. But since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have myself, therefore, set forth this comedy; but so, that my enforced absence must much rely upon the printer's discretion: but I shall entreat slight errors in orthography may be as slightly overpassed, and that the unhandsome shape which this trifle in reading presents, may be pardoned for the pleasure it once afforded you when it was presented with the soul of lively action.

John Webster quite definitely complains of ignorant audiences, the sort who could not properly relish "an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning" (*Hamlet*, II, ii, 460). And it was before such an audience, beyond question, that Shakespeare had, as he says, "gone here and there, and made myself a motley to the view" (*Sonnet* 110). Moreover, those same audiences of the public theatre liked the raw and crude stuff that many an experienced actor could improvise, regardless of fitness in the play. Shakespeare

himself again warns us: "and let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it" (*Hamlet*, III, ii, 43). All of this, with much more that might be quoted from contemporary sources, goes to show that (1) as a rule, plays were not printed during the time of their success upon the stage; (2) that their authors did not base their hopes of literary fame on the acted plays; (3) that the printed texts of the plays may very often contain spurious matter not at all liked by the author.

In conclusion, we shall take enough space to quote in full the preface of John Webster to his *White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corrombona* (1607), and the comments of Thomas Heywood, in his preface to *The Rape of Lucrece* (1630). This is the same Heywood who in 1612 (*Apology for Actors*) protested against the stealing of some of his poems by the publisher Jaggard to be incorporated in the new edition of what Jaggard impudently asserted to be *The Passionate Pilgrim, newly corrected and augmented, by W. Shakespeare;* the same, too, who wrote so abundantly that he claimed "a main finger" in two hundred and twenty plays, and who is acridly remembered by Dryden:

> From dusty shops neglected authors come:***
> Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,

But loads of Shadwell almost choked the way.[1]

Webster says:

In publishing this tragedy, I do but challenge to myself that liberty which other men have taken before me. Not that I affect praise by it, for *nos hoc novimus esse nihil*,[2] only, since it was acted in so dull a time of winter, presented in so open and black a theatre, that it wanted (that which is the only grace and setting out of a tragedy) a full and understanding auditory; and that since that time I have noted, most of the people that come to that playhouse resemble those ignorant asses who, visiting stationers shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books——I present it to the general view with this confidence:

Nec rhoncos metues maligniorum
Nec scombris tunicas dabis molestas.[3]

If it be objected this is no true dramatic poem, I shall easily confess it: *Non potes in nugas dicere plura meas, ipse ego quam dixi.*[4] Willingly, and not ignorantly, in this kind have I faulted: for should a man present to such an auditory the most sententious tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critical laws, as height of style, and gravity of person, enrich it with the sententious chorus, as it were liven death in the passionate and

[1] *MacFlecknoe*, l, 100.

[2] We know that these things are nothing. Martial *Epigrams* XIII. 2.

[3] You will neither fear the jeers of the malicious, nor will you [pages of your book] furnish wrappers for fish. Martial *Epigrams* IV. 87.

[4] You cannot say more against my trifles than I have said myself. Martial *Epigrams* XIII. 2.

weighty Nuntius; yet after all this divine rapture, *O dura messorum ilia*,[1] the breath that comes from the uncapable multitude is able to poison it; and ere it be acted, let the author resolve to fix to every scene, this of Horace,

Haec hodie porcis comedenda relinques[2]

To those who report I was a long time in finishing this tragedy, I confess I do not write with a goosequill, winged with two feathers, and if they will needs make it my fault, I must answer them with that of Eurypides to Alcestides, a tragic writer. Alcestides objecting that Eurypides had only in three days composed three verses, whereas himself had written three hundred——Thou tellest truth (quoth he), but here is the difference; thine shall only be read for three days, whereas mine shall continue three ages.

Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance: for mine own part I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other men's worthy labors: especially of that full and heightened style of Master Chapman, the labored and understanding works of Master Johnson, the no less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher, and lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shakespeare, M. Decker and M. Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their light; protesting that, in the strength of mine own judgment, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my own work, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of Martial:

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[1]Oh, the strong stomach of reapers. Horace *Epistles* III.

[2]These you will leave for pigs to eat today. Horace *Epistles* I. vii. 19.

. . . *non norunt haec monumenta mori.*[1]

Heywood says, in a more modest tone and with less display of Latin than Webster:

It hath been no custom in me, of all other men (courteous Reader) to commit my plays to the press: the reason though some may attribute to my own insufficiency, I had rather subscribe in that to their severe censure than by seeking to avoid the imputation of weakness to incur greater suspicion of honesty: for though some have used a double sale of their labors, first to the stage, and after to the press, for my own part I here proclaim myself ever faithful in the first, and never guilty of the last: yet since some of my plays have (unknown to me, and without my direction) accidentally come into the printers hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled, (copied only by the ear) that I have been as unable to know them, as ashamed to challenge them, this therefore, I was the willinger to furnish out in his native habit: first being by consent, next because the rest have been so wronged in being published in such savage and ragged ornaments: accept it courteous Gentlemen, and prove as favorable readers as we have found you gracious auditors. Yours T. H.

5. DEDICATION OF THE POEMS

Though the profession of the actor was not highly regarded, a fact which Shakespeare himself records in the *Sonnets* (see Nos. 110, 111, and others), Shakespeare quite clearly felt very early in his career that he was no mean person, and he sought and won the as-

[1]These works know not how to die. Martial *Epigrams* X. 2.

sociations and the honors that would become a gentleman. That he aimed high is shown by the first work that bears his name, *Venus and Adonis* (1593), and by the epistle in which he seeks favor:

To the Right Honorable Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield. Right Honorable,—I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your Honor seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honored you with some greater labor. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear[1] so barren a land, for fear it will yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honorable survey, and your Honor to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation. Your Honor's in all duty,——William Shakespeare.

It is a courtly sounding letter to the young patron, and yet reserved and dignified. The poem, of a kind then much in fashion, won attention, and we are not guessing too much when we say that Southampton encouraged the poet to try "some graver labour"; for in the next year we have *Lucrece*, with another dedicatory letter, this time written in the tone of one who is assured of a friendly hearing:

The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end:

[1]Plow: see I Sam. 8:12.

whereof this pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honorable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater, meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship; to whom I wish long life still lengthened with all happiness. Your Lordship's in all duty,—William Shakespeare.

And this time the poet is recognized by the very choicest and most exacting of the literati, Gabriel Harvey, Spenser's friend, as well as by several others of the literary world. For those who may still imagine Shakespeare to have been an "unknown yokel from Stratford," unhonored in his own age, we would suggest that to have such persons, a year after the publication of *Lucrece*, admire the poem would be as if Kipling or Hardy or Yeats should in 1894 have singled out for praise a poem by Dowson or Francis Thompson. But adhering as far as may be to our purpose in presenting the records as they stand, we must refrain from controversy.

6. MERES: *PALLADIS TAMIA*

THE RECORD soon grows even more full and clear, when we find the industrious and plodding Francis Meres summing up the literary production of his time and quite as a matter of course including Shakespeare, giving him, indeed, the first rank. *Palladis Tamia: Wits Treasury, being the Second Part of Wits*

Commonwealth. By Francis Meres, Master of Arts of both Universities (1598), is a document from which we shall quote a passage of some length, in order that the reader may learn something of the literary taste of the age and may see the famous comments upon Shakespeare in their proper setting. We may observe that Meres, conscientious pedant that he is, endeavors to set forth the nature, uses, and value of poetry, securing himself behind a formidable palisade of more or less apt quotations from all the classic writers he is acquainted with. Like a modern candidate compiling a thesis, he is zealous in citing authorities. We shall omit some of what we might denominate his "fond and frivolous gestures,"[1] retaining enough to give a fair idea of the whole. Let us forgive his pedantry in gratitude for his most generous confirmation of Shakespeare's right to a place among the elect, a place on Parnassus.

Francis Meres (1565-1647) was a product of that particular sort of English Renaissance of which we might find another example in Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser. Meres came of good family, received the customary education at Cambridge, and later received the Master of Arts degree from both Cambridge and Oxford. He was obviously widely read in the sort of literature then thought to be suited for a scholar and a gentleman; it is almost equally obvious that he was not a very discriminating judge. He knew the good things and praised

[1]Publisher's preface to *Tamburlaine*, 1594.

them, it is true, but he also included almost in the same company things of no account.

In 1597 Nicholas Ling had published a book of a sort which seems to have been in considerable demand, consisting of a loosely knit selection of what the man of the world of that time and a certain sort of the man of the world today delights in, "wise saws and modern instances," quotations with philosophical comments and reflections upon literature, art, morals, etc. This work was called *Politeuphuia: Wits Commonwealth*—the English title being an attempt to render the hybrid Greek name, just as in the case of *Euphues*. Meres wrote a continuation which is entered upon the Stationers' Register, September 7, 1598, entitled *Palladis Tamia: Wits Treasury*.

The selections given here are, it is hoped, sufficiently ample to supply a fairly just notion of what the whole thing is like.[1] The book is an endeavor to flatter and to stimulate the readers of poetry and literature generally. We have included a few of these very delicious, and sometimes very useful, aphorisms from the section of Meres' book entitled *Poetry*. He fills what would make quite a number of pages of modern print with excerpts from writers ancient and modern in justification or in praise of poetry. Our selection from this part is very slight but, we hope, sufficient. We have given in full the section on the English poets, feeling that no just estimate of Meres may

[1]The text is from Smith (ed.), *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, II, 308-24. The spelling is modernized.

be formed if we select merely the fragment in which he mentions Shakespeare. One should see in what company he places Shakespeare and how quite as a matter of course he includes the poet's name in many places along with that of others.

Poetry

As in a Vine clusters of grapes are often hid under the broad and spacious leaves: so in deep conceited and well couched poems, figures and fables, many things very profitable to be known, do pass by a young scholar. *Plutarch.*[1]

As, according to Philoxenus, that flesh is most sweet which is no flesh, and those the delectablest fishes which are no fishes: so that Poetry doth most delight which is mixed with Philosophy, and that Philosophy which is mixed with Poetry. *Plutarchus in Commentario, quomodo adolescens Poetas audire debet.*[2]

As a Bee gathereth the sweetest and mildest honey from the bitterest flowers and sharpest thorns: so some profit may be extracted out of obscene and wanton Poems and fables. *idem.*

Albeit many be drunk with wine, yet the Vines are not to be cut down, as *Lycurgus* did, but Wells and Fountains are to be digged near unto them: so although many abuse poetry, yet, it is not to be banished, but discretion is to be used, that it may be made wholesome. *idem.*

As Mandrake growing near Vines doth make the wine more mild: so Philosophy bordering upon poetry doth make the knowledge of it more moderate. *idem.*

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[1]Here and in other places such an abridgment as Plut. is expanded.

[2]Plutarch in his commentary how youth ought to hear the poets.

As poison mixed with meat is very deadly: so lasciviousness and petulancy in poetry mixed with profitable and pleasing matters is very pestilent. *idem.*

As we are delighted in deformed creatures artificially painted: so in poetry, which is a lively adumbration of things, evil matters ingeniously contrived do delight.

As Physicians use for medicine the feet and wings of the flies Cantharides, which flies are deadly poison: so we may gather out of the same poem that may quell the hurtful venom of it; for poets do always mingle somewhat in their poems, whereby they intimate that they condemn what they declare. *idem.*

As our breath doth make a shriller sound being sent through the narrow channel of a Trumpet than if it be diffused abroad into the open air: so the well knit and succinct combination of a Poem doth make our meaning better known and discerned than if it were delivered at random in prose. *Seneca.*

As he that drinks of the Well *Clitorius* doth abhor wine: so they that have once tasted of poetry can not away with the study of Philosophy. After the same manner holds the contrary.

As the Anabaptists abhor the liberal arts and humane sciences: so puritans and precisians detest poetry and poems.

As eloquence hath found many preachers and orators worthy favorers of her in the English tongue: so her sister poetry hath found the like welcome and entertainment given her by our English poets, which makes our language so gorgeous and delectable among us.

As Rhubarb and sugar candy are pleasant and profitable: so in poetry there is sweetness and goodness. *M. John Harington,* in his *Apology for Poetry* before his

translated *Ariosto.*

Many cockney and wanton women are often sick but in faith they cannot tell where: so the name of poetry is odious to some, but neither his cause nor effects, neither the sum that contains him nor the particularities descending from him, give any fast handle to their carping dispraise. *Sir Philip Sidney*, in his *Apology for Poetry.*

Poets

As some do use an Amethyst in compotation against drunkenness: so certain precepts are to be used in hearing and reading of poets, lest they infect the mind. *Plutarch & Pliny.* lib. 37. cap. 9.

As in those places where many wholesome herbs do grow there also grow many poisonful weeds: so in Poets there are many excellent things and many pestilent matters. *Plutarch.*

As *Simonides* said that the *Thessalians* were more blockish than that they could be deceived of him: so the riper and pregnanter the wit is the sooner it is corrupted of Poets. *idem.*

As *Cato* when he was a scholar would not believe his master, except he rendered a reason of what he taught him: so we are not to believe Poets in all they write or say, except they yield a reason. *idem.*

As God giveth life unto man: so a Poet giveth ornament unto it.

As the Greek and Latin Poets have won immortal credit to their native speech, being encouraged and graced by liberal patrons and bountiful Benefactors: so our famous and learned Laureate masters of England would entitle our English to far greater admired excellency if either the Emperor Augustus, or Octavia his sister, or noble Mecaenas were alive to reward and

countenance them; or if our witty Comedians and stately Tragedians (the glorious and goodly representers of all fine wit, glorified phrase, and quaint action) be still supported and upheld, by which means for lack of Patrons (O ungrateful and damned age) our Poets are solely or chiefly maintained, countenanced, and patronized. . . .

As a long gown maketh not an Advocate, although a gown be a fit ornament for him: so rhyming nor versing maketh a Poet, albeit the Senate of Poets hath chosen verse as their fittest raiment; but it is the feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching, which may be the right describing note to know a Poet by. *Sir Philip Sidney* in his *Apology for Poetry.*

A Comparative Discourse of our English Poets with the Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets

As Greece had three poets of great antiquity, Orpheus, Linus, and Musaeus, and Italy other three ancient poets, Livius Andronicus, Ennius, and Plautus: so hath England three ancient poets, Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate.

As Homer is reputed the Prince of Greek poets, and Petrarch of Italian poets: so Chaucer is accounted the God of English poets.

As Homer was the first that adorned the Greek tongue with true quantity: so *Piers Plowman* was the first that observed the true quantity of our verse without the curiosity of rhyme.

Ovid writ a Chronicle from the beginning of the world to his own time, that is, to the reign of Augustus the Emperor: so hath Harding the Chronicler (after his manner of old harsh rhyming) from Adam to his time, that is, to the reign of King Edward the fourth.

As Sotades Maronites, the Iambic Poet, gave himself

wholly to write impure and lascivious things: so Skelton (I know not for what great worthiness surnamed the Poet Laureate) applied his wit to scurrilities and ridiculous matters; such among the Greeks were called *Pantomimi*, with us, buffoons.

As Consalvo Periz, that excellent learned man, and Secretary to King Philip of Spain, in translating the "Ulysses" of Homer out of Greek into Spanish, hath by good judgment avoided the fault of rhyming, although not fully hit perfect and true versifying: so hath Henry Howard, that true and noble Earl of Surrey, in translating the fourth book of Virgil's *Aeneas*: whom Michael Drayton in his *England's Heroical Epistles* hath eternized for an *Epistle to his fair Geraldine*.

As these Neoterics, Jovianus, Pontanus, Politianus, Marullus Tarchaniota, the two Strozae, the father and son, Palingenius, Mantuanus, Philelphus, Quintianus Stoa, and Germanus Brixius have obtained renown and good place among the ancient Latin poets: so also these Englishmen, being Latin poets, Walter Haddon, Nicholas Carr, Gabriel Harvey, Christopher Ockland, Thomas Newton with his *Leyland*, Thomas Watson, Thomas Campion, Brunswerd, and Willey have attained good report and honorable advancement in the Latin Empire.

As the Greek tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides, and Aristophanes; and the Latin tongue by Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Silius Italicus, Lucanus, Lucretius, Ausonius, and Claudianus: so the English tongue is mightily enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner,

Shakespeare, Marlowe and Chapman.

As Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently as to give us *effigiem justi imperii*, "the portraiture of a just empire," under the name of *Cyrus* (as Cicero saith of him), made therein an absolute heroical poem; and as Heliodorus writ in prose his sugared invention of that picture of Love in *Theagines and Cariclea;* and yet both excellent admired poets: so Sir Philip Sidney writ his immortal poem, *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia* in Prose; and yet our rarest Poet.

As Sextus Propertius said, *Nescio quid magis nascitur Iliade:*[1] so I say of Spenser's *Fairy Queene*, I know not what more excellent or exquisite Poem may be written.

As Achilles had the advantage of Hector, because it was his fortune to be extolled and renowned by the heavenly verse of Homer: so Spenser's *Eliza, the Fairy Queen*, hath the advantage of all the Queens in the World, to be eternized by so divine a Poet.

As Theocritus is famous for his *Idyllia* in Greek, and Virgil for his *Eclogues* in Latin: so Spenser, their imitator, in his *Shepherd's Calendar* is renowned for the like argument, and honored for fine Poetical invention and most exquisite wit.

As Parthenius Nicaeus excellently sung the praises of his *Arete:* so Daniel hath divinely sonneted the matchless beauty of his *Delia*.

As everyone mourneth when he heareth of the lamentable plangors of Thracian Orpheus for his dearest *Euridice:* so everyone passioneth when he readeth the

[1] I know not what greater than the *Iliad* will be brought forth—is the meaning needed in the context, though more exact Latin would require *nescio quid*—"something greater than the *Iliad* is being born," namely, the *Aeneid*, which Propertius is praising.

afflicted death of Daniel's distressed *Rosamond.*

As Lucan hath mournfully depainted the civil wars of Pompey and Caesar: so hath Daniel the civil wars of York and Lancaster, and Drayton the civil wars of Edward the second and the Barons.

As Virgil doth imitate Catullus in the like matter of *Ariadne* for his story of Queen *Dido:* so Michael Drayton doth imitate Ovid in his *England's Heroical Epistles.*

As Sophocles was called a Bee for the sweetness of his tongue: so in Charles Fitz-Jefferies *Drake* Drayton is termed "golden-mouth'd" for the purity and preciousness of his style and phrase.

As Accius, M. Atilius, and Milithus were called *Tragaediographi* because they writ tragedies: so may we truly term Michael Drayton *Tragaediographus* for his passionate penning the downfalls of valiant Robert of Normandy, chaste Matilda, and great Gaveston.

As Joan. Honterus, in Latin verse, writ three books of Cosmography, with geographical tables: so Michael Drayton is now penning, in English verse, a Poem called *Polyolbion* Geographical and Hydrographical of all the forests, woods, mountains, fountains, rivers, lakes, floods, baths, and springs that be in England.

As Aulus Persius Flaccus is reported among all writers to be of an honest life and upright conversation: so Michael Drayton, *quem toties honoris et amoris causa nomino,*[1] among scholars, soldiers, poets, and all sorts of people is held for a man of virtuous disposition, honest conversation, and well governed carriage; which is almost miraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times, when there is nothing but roguery in villainous

[1]Whom I name altogether in honor and love.

man, and when cheating and craftiness is counted the cleanest wit, and soundest wisdom.

As Decius Ausonius Gallus, *in libris Fastorum*, penned the occurrences of the world from the first creation of it to his time, that is, to the reign of the Emperor Gratian: so Warner, in his absolute *Albion's England*, hath most admirably penned the history of his own country from Noah to his time, that is to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I have heard him termed of the best wits of both our Universities our English Homer.

As Euripides is the most sententious among the Greek Poets: so is Warner among our English Poets.

As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras: so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare, witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared *Sonnets* among his private friends, etc.

As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latins: so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage. For comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labor's Lost*, his *Love's Labor's Won*, his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice;* for Tragedy, his *Richard the 2*, *Richard 3*, *Henry the 4*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.

As Epius Stolo said that the Muses would speak with Plautus' tongue if they would speak Latin: so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine-filed phrase if they would speak English.

As Musaeus, who wrote the Love of Hero and Leander, had two excellent scholars, Thamaras and Hercules: so hath he in England two excellent poets, imitators of him in the same argument and subject, Christopher Marlowe

and George Chapman.

As Ovid saith of his work:

> *Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,*
> *Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas:*[1]

and as Horace saith of his,

> *Exegi monumentum aere perennius*
> *Regalique situ pyramidum altius,*
> *Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens*
> *Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis*
> *Annorum series, et fuga temporum:*[2]

so I say severally of Sir Philip Sidney's, Spenser's, Daniel's, Drayton's, Shakespeare's, and Warner's works,

> *Non Jovis ira, imbres, Mars, ferrum, flamma, senectus,*
> *Hoc opus unda, lues, turbo, venena ruent.*
> *Et quamquam ad pulcherrimum hoc opus evertendum,*
> *Tres illi Dii conspirabunt, Chronus, Vulcanus, et Pater ipse gentis.*
> *Non tamen annorum series, non flamma, nec ensis;*
> *Aeternum potuit hoc abolere Decus.*[3]

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[1]"Now I have built a work which neither the wrath of Jove, nor fire, nor the sword, nor all devouring Time shall destroy." See the imitations, almost paraphrases, of these and the similar verses following in Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, such as 55, 65, 81.

[2]"I have builded a monument more enduring than brass and more lofty than a pyramid in its regal site, which neither devouring rain, nor north wind can destroy, nor the unnumbered series of years and the flight of Time."

[3]Meres makes a composite, with some additions: Not the wrath of Jove, rain, Mars, the sword, flames, old age, wave, plague, mob, nor poison shall overthrow this work. Albeit to the overthrowing of this most beautiful work these three gods will conspire, Chronos, Vulcan,

As Italy had Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Tasso, Celiano, and Ariosto: so England had Matthew Roydon, Thomas Atchelow, Thomas Watson, Thomas Kyd, Robert Greene, and George Peele.

As there are eight famous and chief languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Syriac, Arabic, Italian, Spanish, and French: so there are eight notable several kinds of Poets, Heroic, Lyric, Tragic, Comic, Satiric, Iambic, Elegiac, and Pastoral.

As Homer and Virgil among the Greeks and Latins are the chief Heroic Poets: so Spenser and Warner be our chief heroical Makers.

As Pindarus, Anacreon, and Callimachus among the Greeks, and Horace and Catullus among the Latins are the best Lyric poets: so in this faculty the best among our poets are Spenser (who excelleth in all kinds), Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Bretton.

As these Tragic Poets flourished in Greece, Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Alexander Aetolus, Achaeus Erithrioeus, Astydamas Atheniensis, Apollodorus Tarsensis, Nicomachus Phrygius, Thespis Atticus, and Timon Appolloniates and these among the Latins, Accius, M. Atilius, Pomponius Secundus, and Seneca: so these are our best for Tragedy, the Lord Buckhurst, Doctor Leg of Cambridge, Doctor Edes of Oxford, Master Edward Ferris, the author of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, Marlowe, Peele, Watson, Kyd, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Dekker, and Benjamin Jonson.

As M. Anneus Lucanus writ two excellent tragedies, one called *Medea*, the other *De incendio Troiae cum Priami calamitate:* so Doctor Leg hath penned two famous trage-

and Jove the Father of peoples himself. Yet neither the succession of years, nor fire, nor the sword can do away this eternal honor.

dies, the one of *Richard 3*, the other of *The Destruction of Jerusalem.*

The best poets for Comedy among the Greeks are these, Menander, Aristophanes, Eupolis Atheniensis, Alexis Terius, Nicostratus, Amipsias Atheniensis, Anaxandrides Rhodius, Aristonymus, Archippus Atheniensis, and Callias Atheniensis; and among the Latins, Plautus, Terence, Naevius, Sextus Turpilius, Licinius Imbrex, and Virgilius Romanus: so the best for Comedy among us be Edward, Earl of Oxford, Doctor Gager of Oxford, Master Rowley, once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, Master Edwards, one of Her Majesty's Chapel, eloquent and witty John Lyly, Lodge, Gascoyne, Greene, Shakespeare, Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Mundye, our best plotter, Chapman, Porter, Wilson, Hathway, and Henry Chettle.

As Horace, Lucilius, Juvenal, Persius, and Lucullus are the best for satire among the Latins: so with us, in the same faculty, these are chief, *Piers Plowman*, Lodge, Hall of Immanuel College in Cambridge, the Author of *Pygmalion's Image and certain Satires*, the Author of *Skialetheia.*

Among the Greeks I will name but two for Iambics, Archilochus Parius and Hipponax Ephesius: so among us I name but two Iambical Poets, Gabriel Harvey and Richard Stanyhurst, because I have seen no more in this kind.

As these are famous among the Greeks for Elegy, Melanthus, Mymnerus Colophonius, Olympius Mysius, Parthenius Nicaeus, Philetas Cous, Theogenes Megarensis, and Pigres Halicarnassaeus: and these among the Latins, Maecenas, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, C. Valgius, Cassius Severus, and Clodius Sabinus: so these are the

most passionate among us to bewail and bemoan the perplexities of love, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, Sir Francis Brian, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Edward Dyer, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Whetstone, Gascoyne, Samuel Page, sometime fellow of Corpus Christi College in Oxford, Churchyard, Bretton.

We omit pages here with matters of less moment, unless one chooses to note that Meres finds a chance to praise both James VI of Scotland and Queen Elizabeth as poets. But the concluding part of his comment refers to three men who must have been known to Shakespeare.

As Anacreon died by the pot: so George Peele by the pox.

As Archesilaus Prytanoeus perished by wine at a drunken feast, as Hermippus testifieth in *Diogenes:* so Robert Greene died of a surfeit taken of pickled herrings and Rhenish wine, as witnesseth Thomas Nash, who was at the fatal banquet.

As Jodelle, a French tragical poet, being an epicure and an atheist, made a pitiful end: so our tragical poet Marlowe for his Epicurism and Atheism had a tragical death. You may read of this Marlowe more at large in the *Theater of God's judgments*, in the 25th chapter entreating of *Epicures and Atheists*.

As the poet Lycophron was shot to death by a certain rival of his: so Christopher Marlowe was stabbed to death by a baudy servingman, a rival of his in his lewd love.[1]

[1]The truth about Marlowe's death is now better known; he died in

7. CAMDEN

THE ELABORATE work in which Meres finds so conspicuous a place for Shakespeare as a man of letters is by no means the only testimony of this sort to the poet's reputation in his own day. Much briefer, but certainly of equal authority and significance, is the comment of the learned William Camden, written at a time when his great Latin history of Britain, his position as Headmaster of Westminster School, his connection with the College of Heralds as Clarencieux King-at-Arms, had assured his reputation as a most distinguished scholar. In the epistle[1] dedicatory to Sir Robert Cotton (owner of the famous collection of MSS, one of which gives us *Beowulf*), dated June, 1603, Camden comments upon some matters concerning the work he is dedicating (*Remains of a Greater Work Concerning Britain*, published 1605):

> These may suffice for some poetical descriptions of our ancient poets; if I would come to our time, what a world could I present to you out of Sir Philip Sidney, Ed. Spenser, John Owen, Samuel Daniel, Hugh Holland, Ben Jonson,[2] Thomas Campion, Michael Drayton, George Chapman, John Marston, William Shakespeare, and other most pregnant wits of these our times, whom succeeding ages may justly admire.

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a brawl, but not by the hand of a servingman, nor for the cause stated. See *London Times*, June 23, 1925; cf. *Publications Modern Language Association*, March, 1926, p. 9, and J. L. Hotson, *Death of Christopher Marlowe*.

[1]Text from Lambert, *Shakespeare Documents*, p. 55.

[2]Camden sent Jonson to Westminster School at his expense.

8. *THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS*

HERE HE is again named in a company which includes nearly all the notable poets of the time. But even the university set knew of him, and we close this part of our chronicle with citations from the very amusing topical play, *The Return from Parnassus*, published in 1606, which we are glad to find made readily accessible in Professor Schelling's *Typical Elizabethan Plays*.[1] We quote a part of his little foreword to the play:

The Return from Parnassus, Part II, is the third and last of a trilogy of plays, written evidently by a collegian or by collegians and acted, perhaps more than once, at St. John's College, Cambridge, speaking now of all three plays, between 1598 and 1601 or 1602. . . . All three plays are witty and well written, and of abiding interest as representative of the very considerable body of dramas, tragic, comic and especially satirical, with which the Elizabethan university man amused himself when the London stage was ringing with the successes of Shakespeare, Jonson, and Fletcher. The authorship of this play remains unknown, despite some clever guessing on the part of scholars. The play of the text alone came to the press, the other two parts remaining in manuscript to be discovered among the treasures of the Bodleian Library at Oxford by its Librarian, W. D. Macray, who published the three plays together in 1886.

We should add to this, however, that the manuscript parts of the play also contain references to

[1] Pp. 777-93; also, *Shakspere Allusion Book*, I, 67.

Shakespeare, though much less good than in Part II. As illustrating the college play, the student will find another most amusing collection of plays, in Latin and English, with a description of the revels (extending from October 31, 1607, to February 13, 1608), attending instruction and, indeed, quite eclipsing it, in St. John's College of the sister university of Oxford, published under the name of *The Christmas Prince*.[1]

In Part I of *The Return from Parnassus* we have three passages in Act III, scene 1:

Gullio. Pardon, fair lady, though sick-thoughted Gullio make amain unto thee, and like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo thee.[2]

Ingenioso. We shall have nothing but pure Shakespeare and shreds of poetry that he hath gathered at the theaters!

Gullio. Pardon me, moi mistressa, as I am a gentleman, the moon, in comparison of thy bright hue, a mere slut, Antonio's Cleopatra a black-browed milkmaid, Helen a dowdy.

Ingenioso. Mark, Romeo and Juliet! O monstrous theft! I think he will run through a whole book of Samuel Daniel's!

Gullio. Thrice fairer than myself (—thus I began—)
The gods' fair riches, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man.

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[1]Malone Society *Reprints*, 1922.

[2]Alluding to *Venus and Adonis*, lines 5-6: "Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him, And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him."

More white and red than doves and roses are!
Nature that made thee with herself had strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.[1]

Ingenioso. Sweet Mr. Shakespeare!

A few pages later, the conversations continue:

Ingenioso. My pen is your bounden vassal to command. But what vein would it please you to have them [the verses] in?

Gullio. Not in a vain vein (pretty! i' faith!): make me them in two or three diverse veins, in Chaucer's, Gower's, and Spenser's, and Mr. Shakespeare's. Marry, I think I shall entertain those verses which run like these:

Even as the sun with purple colored face
Had ta'en his last leave on the weeping morn, etc.[2]

O sweet Mr. Shakespeare! I'll have his picture in my study at the court.

And later:

Gullio. Let me hear Mr. Shakespeare's vein.

Ingenioso. Fair Venus, queen of beauty and of love,
Thy red doth stain the blushing of the morn,
Thy snowy neck shameth the milk-white dove,
Thy presence doth this naked world adorn;
Gazing on thee all other nymphs I scorn.
Whene'er thou diest, slow shine that Saturday,
Beauty and grace must sleep with thee for aye!

Gullio. No more! I am one that can judge according to the proverb, *bovem ex unguibus*.[3] Ay, marry, sir, these have some life in them! Let this duncified world esteem of

[1] *Venus and Adonis*, st. 2.
[2] *Venus and Adonis*, opening lines.
[3] I can tell a bull by his hoofs.

Spenser and Chaucer, I'll worship sweet Mr. Shakespeare, and to honor him will lay his *Venus and Adonis* under my pillow, as we read of one (I do not well remember his name, but I am sure he was a king) slept with Homer under his bed's head.[1]

The love-sick Gullio thus selects Shakespeare as supreme among the amorous poets; and though the scene is meant to be ludicrous, the familiar reference to Shakespeare is significant. In *The Return from Parnassus*, II, the parts concerning Shakespeare are in Act I, scene 2, and in Act III, scene 3. In the first we have two characters on the stage, Ingenioso and Judicio, who undertake to "censure" (i. e., judge and estimate) a goodly list of poets, including Spenser, Lodge, Drayton, and others. We give a sufficient excerpt to show the form of the play and to place the reference to Shakespeare in its proper context. Ingenioso proposes the names:

Ingenioso. Christopher Marlowe.
Judicio. Marlowe was happy in his buskined muse,
Alas! unhappy in his life and end;
Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell
Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from Hell.
Ingenioso. Our theater hath lost, Pluto hath got,
A tragic penman for a dreary plot.
Ben Jonson.
Judicio. The wittiest fellow of a bricklayer in England.
Ingenioso. A mere empiric, one that gets what he hath

[1]The king not well remembered is, of course, Alexander, for Gullio is a fool.

by observation, and makes only nature privy to what he endites, so slow an inventor, that he were better betake himself to his old trade of bricklaying; a bold whoreson, as confident now in the making of a book as he was in times past in laying of a brick.
William Shakespeare.

Judicio. Who loves Adonis' love or Lucrece' rape,
His sweeter verse contains heart-throbbing life,
Could but a graver subject him content,
Without love's foolish lazy languishment.

The second passage shows that the plays, as well as the poems, were known. Two of the most notable actors of Shakespeare's troupe are made to appear in this scene, Richard Burbage and Will Kemp:

Burbage. Now, Will Kemp, if we can entertain these scholars at low rate, it will be well; they have oftentimes a good conceit in a part.[1]

Kemp. It's true, indeed, honest Dick, but the slaves are somewhat proud; and besides, it is a good sport in a part to see them never speak in their walk, but at the end of the stage, just as though in walking with a fellow we should never speak but at a stile, a gate, or a ditch, where a man can go no further. I was once at a comedy in Cambridge, and there saw a parasite make faces and mouths of all sorts on this fashion.

Burbage. A little teaching will mend these faults, and it may be besides they will be able to pen a part.

Kemp. Few of the university pen plays[2] well; they smell

[1]They know how to act.

[2]Professor Schelling prints "play"; the text is clearly in older spelling, "pen plaies"—write plays.

too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talk too much of Proserpina and Jupiter, Why here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down—ay, and Ben Jonson, too. O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill;[1] but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit.

Burbage. It's a shrewd fellow indeed. I wonder these scholars stay so long, they appointed to be here presently, that we might try them. O, here they come.

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[1]A highly amusing if coarse scene in *The Poetaster*, where a personage probably meant for Chapman disgorges the portentous long words objected to by Horace (Jonson).

III. SOCIAL STANDING AND PERSONAL REPUTATION

1. Purchase of New Place. 2. Sturley and Quiney Letters. 3. The Coat of Arms. 4. Actors and Theatres: Theatre, Fortune, Globe; Burning of the Globe.

1. PURCHASE OF NEW PLACE

Almost contemporaneously with Meres, the Cambridge wits in their University plays (*The Return from Parnassus*, I, 1600), make their students say: "Let this duncified world esteem of Spenser and Chaucer, I'll worship sweet Mr. Shakespeare." Not only do they hit upon the same "sweet" that Meres relished and that we find in the familiar "Sweet Will": they refer to him as Master Shakespeare, a title that we find used in certain letters written about, and in one addressed to, him by those who should have known his standing in the world, a title which he is soon to have as of right belonging to a gentleman with an estate in Stratford and a grant of a coat of arms.

In order to understand more fully the social and worldly success of Shakespeare just about the time Meres was writing, we should note at least one important item in his private affairs. The record from which we quote is a part of the title to the largest private estate in Stratford, recording the transfer, in Easter term of 1597, from William Underhill to

William Shakespeare, of a property called the New Place, consisting of one messuage, two barns, and one garden. The formal (and formidable) law Latin says, in part:

Et preterea idem Willielmus Underhill concessit. . . . predicto Willielmo Shakespeare et heredibus suis predicta tenementa cum pertinenciis imperpetuum; et pro hac recognicione, remissione, quieta clamancia, warrantia, fine et concordia idem Willielmus Shakespeare dedit predicto Willielmo Underhill sexaginta libras sterlingorum.[1]

Now, as a certain friend of Chaucer's would say, "The sentence of this Latin is": and furthermore the said William Underhill has granted to the aforesaid William Shakespeare and his heirs the aforenamed tenements with the appurtenances in perpetuity: and for this recognizance, remission, quitclaim, warrant, fine, and agreement the said William Shakespeare has given the aforesaid William Underhill sixty pounds sterling.

2. STURLEY AND QUINEY LETTERS

The Great House was beyond question a conspicuous and familiar landmark, and we know that in 1598, at least, the new owner was paying certain taxes as if he were then resident in Stratford. He was described in legal terms as "William Shakespeare, of Stratford on Avon, gentleman." He was thought of as a "capitalist" who might invest at

[1]Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, II, 105.

home when (January 24, 1598) Abraham Sturley,[1] recently High Bailiff of Stratford, wrote to his brother-in-law, Richard Quiney, then in London:

Most loving and beloved in the Lord:—This is one special remembrance from your father's motion. It seemeth by him that our countryman, Mr. Shakespeare is willing to disburse some money upon some odd yard land or other at Shottery or nearabout us. He thinketh it very fit pattern to move him to deal in the matter of our tithes. By the instructions you can give him thereof, and by the friends he can make therefor, we think it a fair mark for him to shoot at, and not unpossible to hit. It obtained would advance him indeed, and would do us much good. *Hoc movere, et quantum in te est permovere, ne necligas; hoc enim et sibi et nobis maximi erit momenti. Hic labor, hic opus esset eximie et gloriae et laudis sibi.*[2]

Master Sturley doubtless learned his "small Latin" at the Stratford Grammar School; he uses it with almost colloquial ease three or four times in the long and very interesting letter from which we quote. We do not know, by any surviving document, that Shakespeare went to the same school and learned to use Latin in the same fashion; but the facts are almost as well assured as if we could show a school register. At all events, Master Sturley not only knows his trite Latin phrases (*hic labor, hic opus*—from the *Aeneid*),

[1] *Ibid*, 57; also Lambert, *op. cit.*, p. 27.

[2] Neglect not to move, and as much as in thee lies to push on, in this matter; for indeed this will be of great importance both to him and to us. This would be a labor, a work, of most exceeding glory and praise for him.

he knows how to change the verb and turn the phrase to his use; and he shrewdly guesses that "our countryman" is apt to be much interested in an enterprise leading *eximie et gloriae et laudis sibi.*

Whether as a consequence of the instructions given by Quiney or otherwise, Shakespeare bought other properties in and about Stratford, and a share in the tithes. The tithes or "tenths" originally set aside for the support of the Church had been commuted into money payments or the like, and the term as here used refers to actual property, farm lots, and tenements, which had formerly been allotted to supply the tithes, a church estate forfeited and allotted to the town of Stratford during the Reformation (1553). But at the time Sturley was writing, further distress was coming upon the town of Stratford, and we find in the private letters preserved at Stratford several other references to Shakespeare, as a friend likely to have the money and the influence in London to help his fellow-citizens. The most interesting of these letters concerns the Richard Quiney to whom Sturley wrote, father of Thomas Quiney who married Shakespeare's daughter.

The connection between the Shakespeare and the Quiney family through the marriage of Judith to Thomas Quiney (1616) is only one of the points of contact. Richard Quiney, Adrian Quiney and Thomas Quiney are names of frequent occurrence in the Stratford records during Shakespeare's lifetime; and Sturley writes again to Richard Quiney in 1598

urging him to push the matter of getting relief for the town of Stratford, distressed by two fires, bad harvests, unfavorable legislation, high taxes.

In this letter (dated November 4, 1598) he acknowledges one from Quiney (as of October 25) in which it had been reported to the anxious townspeople "that our countryman, Mr. William Shakespeare would procure us money."[1] Quiney was then in London on this mission from the town council. That he used Shakespeare's influence and acquaintance at court to help his townsmen is perfectly obvious; and the sole letter we have that is addressed to "my loving good friend and countryman Mr. Wm. Shakespeare" appeals also for personal aid:

Loving countryman, I am bold of you as of a friend, craving your help with thirty pounds upon Mr. Bushell's and my security or Mr. Mytton's with me. Mr. Rosswell is not come to London as yet, and I have especial cause. You shall friend me much in helping me out of all the debts I owe in London, I thank God, and much quiet my mind which would not be indebted. I am now towards the Court, in hope of answer for the despatch of my business. You shall neither lose credit nor money by me, the Lord willing; and now but persuade yourself so, as I hope, and you shall not need to fear, but, with all hearty thankfulness, I will hold my time, and content your friend, and if we bargain farther you shall be the paymaster yourself. My time bids me hasten to an end, and so I commit this to your care and hope of your help. I fear I shall not be back this night from the Court. Haste.

[1]Halliwell-Phillipps, *op. cit.*, II, 59.

The Lord be with you and with us all, Amen. From the Bell in Carter Lane, the 25 October, 1598. Yours in all kindness. Ryc. Quyney.

The original of this letter is preserved in the museum in the birthplace, Stratford.

The lovable cynic who viewed Vanity Fair unfavorably himself confesses that he would nevertheless feel very much honored "to walk down Piccadilly, arm in arm between two Dukes." Therefore we should be at least willing to understand why William Shakespeare desired and achieved those in themselves rather cheap and paltry social "tags" that mark an aristocracy of caste. We have seen that he won the patronage of Southampton and even his friendship; there is no good reason to doubt that many of the *Sonnets* written as to a friend were addressed to Southampton; we shall see that the Earls of Pembroke and of Montgomery were distinctly named as having shown him favor; he wrote a device or *Impresa* for the shield of the young Duke of Rutland (1612), and was paid for this work forty-four shillings.[1] Thus, even from the incidental facts we may assume that Shakespeare knew and had friendly associations with men of high rank. In the *Sonnets* he is frequently contrasting his low, even mean, estate or station with the rank of his friend (e. g. *Sonnet* 36):

Let me confess that we two must be twain,

[1] *Shakspere Allusion Book*, I, 234. Burbage painted the device, being an artist as well as an actor.

I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name.

3. THE COAT OF ARMS

We will not enter here upon the controverted question of the literal autobiographic sincerity of the *Sonnets;* but it can hardly be questioned that such lines as those just quoted were written before 1596, and that they contrast the outcast actor and the friend of high rank. It is in 1596 that we find John Shakespeare, the poet's father, pushing his claim to a grant of arms. Since the cost of securing such a grant was considerable, and since John Shakespeare was certainly in no prosperous condition at this time, we may feel sure that the actor himself was anxious to have the grant and that he followed up the application of 1596 by another in 1599; we quote parts of both as documents showing something of the family history. It was no pleasant thing to be classed in an Act of Parliament with "rogues and vagabonds"; and though Shakespeare speaks a good word for his profession in the famous lines of *Hamlet*, "they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time," he did not care to be "in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes" (*Sonnet* 29), and the coat of arms is emblazoned above his bust in the Stratford Church.

There are still extant two distinct documents dealing with the application for arms, the one of 1596, and the other of 1599; we give both. Since Shake-

speare is frequently referred to in legal documents as Mr. William Shakespeare, of Stratford on Avon, gentleman, and since the arms described are used on his tomb and by his descendants, there is no reason to doubt that the draft of 1596 was completed and the coat of arms granted.[1] The second application, (1599) for permission to quarter the Arden arms with those of Shakespeare, may not have been perfected; at all events, the arms are not quartered.

Non sanz droict. Shakespeare. 1596. To all and singular noble and gentlemen of what estate or degree bearing arms to whom these presents shall come, William Dethick, alias Garter, principal king of arms, sendeth greetings; Know ye that whereas, by the authority and ancient privilege and custom pertaining to my said office of principal king of arms from the Queen's most excellent majesty, and her highness' most noble and victorious progenitors, I am to take general notice and record, and to make public demonstration and testimony, for all causes of arms and matters of gentry throughout all her majesty's kingdoms and dominions, principalities, isles and provinces. . . . Being therefore solicited and [by] credible report informed that John Shakespeare, of Stratford upon Avon in the county of Warwick, whose parents and late antecessors were for their valiant and faithful service advanced and rewarded by the most prudent prince, King Henry the Seventh of famous memory, since which time they have continued at those

[1]S. A. Tannenbaum, *Was Shakespeare a Gentleman?* p. 17. The text of the draft is from Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, II, 56. See also Lambert, *Shakespeare Documents*, p. 18.

parts in good reputation and credit; and that the said John having married Mary, daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden of Wilmcote, in the said county, gent. In consideration whereof, and for encouragement of his posterity, to whom these achievements may descend by the ancient custom and laws of arms, I have therefore assigned, granted, and by these presents confirmed, this shield or coat of arms, viz: Gold on a bend sable a spear of the first, the point steeled, proper; and for his crest or cognizance, a falcon, his wings displayed, argent, standing on a wreath of his colors, supporting a spear gold steeled as aforesaid, set upon a helmet with mantels and tassels as hath been accustomed and more plainly appeareth depicted on this margin. Signifying hereby that it shall be lawful for the said John Shakespeare gentleman and for his children, issue and posterity, at all times convenient, to make show of and to bear the same blazon [or] atchevement on their shield or escutcheons, coat of arms, crest, cognizance or seals, rings, signets, pennants, guydons, edifices, utensils, liveries, tombs or monuments, or otherwise, at all times in all lawful warlike facts or civil use and exercises, according to the laws of arms, without let or interruption of any other person or persons. In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name, and fastened the seale of my office endorsed with the signet of my arms, at the Office of Arms, London, the XXth day of October in the XXXIXth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lady Elizabeth, by the Grace of God Queen of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., 1596.

The second draft reads:

Wherefore being solicited, and by credible report in-

formed, that John Shakespeare, now of Stratford upon Avon in the county of Warwick, gentleman, whose parent, great grandfather, and late antecessor, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince King H. 7. of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements given to him in those parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit; and for that the said John Shakespeare having married the daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden of Wellingcote in the said county, and also produced this his ancient coat of arms heretofore assigned to him whilest he was her majesty's officer and bailiff of that town. In consideration of the premises and for the encouragement of his posterity, unto whom such blazon of arms and achievements of inheritance from their said mother by the ancient custom and laws of arms may lawfully descend, we, the said Garter and Clarencieux have assigned, granted, and confirmed, and by these presents exemplified, unto the said John Shakespeare and to his posterity, that shield and coat of arms, viz., in a field of gold upon a bend sable a spear of the first point upward headed argent; and for his crest or cognizance a falcon with his wings displayed standing on a wreath of his colors supporting a spear armed headed *or* and steeled *silver*, fixed upon a helmet with mantels and tassels, as more plainly may appear depicted on this margin; and we have likewise upon another escutcheon impaled the same with the ancient arms of the said Arden of Wellingcote, signifying thereby that it may and shall be lawful for the said John Shakespeare, gent. to bear and use the same shields of arms, single or impaled as aforesaid, during his natural life; and that it shall be lawful for his

children, issue and posterity, lawfully begotten, to bear, use, and quarter and show forth the same with their due differences in all lawful warlike facts and civil use or exercises, according to the laws of arms and custom that to gent. belongeth, without let or interruption of any person or persons for use or per bearing the same. In witness and testimony whereof we have subscribed our names and fastened the seals of our offices. Given at the Office of Arms, London, the. . .day of. . .in the xlii.th year of the reign of our most gracious sovereign Elizabeth, by the Grace of God, Queen of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., 1599.

Thus, just like half a dozen other actors, including members of his own company, Burbage and Heminge, Shakespeare had a recognized and not an outcast status. It was easy then, as it is now, to jest at the Heralds' College and its tawdry blazons; the plays of the time have jokes upon this documented nobility, so readily bought. But we need not doubt that Will, spoken of so freely by those who knew him as a jolly comrade, laughed as easily as any when Ben Jonson made Sir Epicure Mammon, gloating over the fleshly delights to be purchased by his wealth, pronounce,

> I'll say unto my cook, "There's gold:
> Go forth, and be a knight."[1]

We are not attempting to include every item of the great poet's career, but to illustrate through contemporary writings and documents the more im-

[1] *The Alchemist*, II, i.

portant matters. It should be worth our while to examine a little more in detail some of the material concerning the profession in which, whether he liked the business or not, the poet passed most of his active life. We shall cite from materials concerning other actors than Shakespeare and other theatres than the Globe, so that we may have a background.

4. ACTORS AND THEATRES

EVEN SHAKESPEARE himself, who in the plays seems so rarely to reveal his own personal feeling, who is so free from what we can label and identify as topical allusion or personal reference, finds no love in his heart for the Puritan and shoots an arrow or two at him. We need not accept this as Shakespeare's view, of course; but when he contrasts the boisterous parasite Sir Toby Belch and the "precisian" Malvolio, he makes Sir Toby express an opinion that Malvolio's virtue has its springs in an envious desire to interfere with innocent pleasures: "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"[1] The history of the stage, which it is not our purpose to examine minutely here, would show an intermittent warfare between the actors and the growing Puritan element in London. Moreover, the civil authorities of the city found reasons quite apart from Puritan prejudice to justify their attempted restrictions upon theatres. Some of these are set forth in a formal letter from the

[1] *Twelfth Night*, II, iii, 123.

Lord Mayor, Sir Nicholas Woodrofe, to the Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas Bromley, April 12, 1580:

My duty humbly done to your Lordship. Where it happened on Sunday last that some great disorder was committed at the Theatre, I sent for the under sheriff of Middlesex to understand the circumstances, to the intent that by myself or by him I might have caused such redress to be had as in duty and discretion I might, and therefore did also send for the players to have appeared afore me. . . . But for as much as I understand that your Lordship with other of her Majesty's most honorable [Privy] Council have entered into examination of that matter, I have surceased to proceed further, and do humbly refer the whole to your wisdoms and grave considerations. Howbeit, I have further thought it my duty to inform your Lordship and therewith also to beseech to have in your honorable remembrance that the players of plays which are used at the Theatre, and other such places, and tumblers and such like, are a very superfluous sort of men, and of such faculty as the laws have disallowed; and their exercise of those plays is a great hindrance of the service of God, who hath with his mighty hand so lately admonished us of our earnest repentance.[1]

It is also great corruption of youth with unchaste and wicked matters, occasion of much incontinence, practices of many frays, quarrels, and other disorders and inconveniences, beside that the assembly of [Court] term and Parliament being at hand, against which time the most honorable Lords have given us earnest charge to have

[1]The earthquake of April 6, 1580, which is thought to be the one referred to in *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iii, 35.

care to avoid uncleanness, and pestering [or crowding] of the City, the said plays are matter of great danger. Therefore I humbly beseech your Lordship . . . that some order be taken by commandment from your Lordship and the rest of the most honorable Lords that the said plays and tumblers be wholly stayed and forbidden as ungodly and perilous, as well at those places near our liberties as within the jurisdiction of this City.[1]

This one quotation from the many documents available must suffice us. There was indeed, as the records show, abundant disorder, riots that involved many and taxed the resources of law and order, or mere personal affrays, like the one referred to in a letter to Lord Burleigh (1584):

Very near the Theatre or Curtain, at the time of the plays, there lay a prentice sleeping upon the grass; and one Challes, alias Grostock, did turn upon the toe upon the belly of the same prentice, whereupon the apprentice start up, and after words they fell to plain blows.[2]

There was also grave danger from the plague. We are apt to forget that, long before the great plague year of which Defoe wrote, the city was constantly and heavily visited. In 1593 it is estimated that more than ten thousand died there of the plague; Ben Jonson bases his plot in *The Alchemist* upon the familiar terror; and Shakespeare himself, in *Romeo and Juliet*[3] uses it to provide one of the several mere

[1] "The Remembrancia," Malone Society *Collections*, I, 46.

[2] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, I, 351; also Malone Society *Collections* I, 164.

[3] V, ii, 10.

mischances that precipitate the tragic ending.

When the first regular playhouse was built (1576) the evils of which the authorities complained in such letters as the one quoted were not lessened, for soon the rising tide of theatrical performances, favored by the royal court ("We understand that the Queen's Majesty is and must be served at certain times by. this sort of people," writes the Lord Mayor to Archbishop Whitgift, February 25, 1592),[1] brought the opening of many other playhouses, both in the city itself and in the outlying districts near by. This will appear in the accounts given concerning the Theatre, the Fortune, and the Globe; in the records here quoted there is reference also to the Blackfriars, different from the others in that it was a house within the city proper, though in a precinct that enjoyed (in virtue of its being formerly a monastery) immunity from the interference of the city authorities. The existence within the city of these privileged areas, one of the anomalies surviving from a time when the Church really needed to enforce her claim of giving sanctuary to those who sought her protection, gave occasion to many abuses, for such places had now become sometimes the "city of refuge" for all sorts of outlaws. Those who are willing to read a most vivid picture of such a district in London should take up Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel* and make the acquaintance of the Duke of Alsatia, Jingling Geordie, Steenie, and the most un-royal James. For the pres-

[1] "The Remembrancia," Malone Society *Collections*, I, 99.

ent, we quote again a passage from "The Remembrancia," which will show, among other things, that London of the early seventeenth century had its traffic problems. It is a petition to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen from the "Constables and other Officers and inhabitants within the Precinct of the Blackfriars," to help them against

> The Owner of the said playhouse, [who] doth under the name of a private house . . . convert the said house to a public playhouse; unto which there is daily such resort of people, and such multitudes of Coaches (whereof many are Hackney Coaches, bringing people of all sorts), that sometimes all our streets cannot contain them, but that they clog up Ludgate also . . . and the inhabitants there cannot come to their houses, nor bring in their necessary provisions of beer, wood, coal, or hay, nor the tradesmen or shopkeepers utter their wares, nor the passenger go to the common water stairs [to the boats on the river] without danger of their lives and limbs. . . . These inconveniences falling out almost every day in the winter time . . . from one or two of the clock till six at night.[1]

Though we have shown in another place that many actors of the time were highly respected citizens, there were of course dissolute or reckless members of the profession. We can here pause only to remind you of two famous men connected with the stage who suffered in the rough and tumble life. Marlowe was killed in a tavern brawl with one

[1]Malone Society *Collections*, I, 91.

Francis Freezer, or Fraser. And Henslowe, who was noted as a man who found money for many actors and who shared with Edward Alleyne in building the Fortune, wrote this to the latter in 1598: "Since you were here with me I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me greatly, that is Gabriel [Spencer] for he is slain in Hogsdon Fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer."[1] Jonson had slain Spencer in fair duel; he escaped more severe punishment than branding in the hand with a hot iron by pleading "benefit of clergy" and reading his "neck verse"—usually the Latin version of a verse from one of the penitential Psalms.

An interesting sidelight upon the life of the actor is found in a pamphlet (1605) called *Ratsey's Ghost*, purporting to relate some exploits of the highwayman, Gamaliel Ratsey. Many times, when the plague or poor business in London caused the theatres there to be closed, the companies traveled through the country, just as we find Molière's troupe doing in France, or the actors in Scarron's *Roman Comique*, or Gautier's *Capitaine Fracasse*, or Sabatini's *Scaramouche*. A very detailed study of the journeyings of the English actors in this way has been made by Mr. Murray.[2] We do not know that the Ratsey story refers to any particular actors; it might fit Edward Alleyne or Burbage or Shakespeare himself, all of whom had

[1] J. P. Collier, *Memoirs of Edward Alleyne*, p. 51.

[2] *English Dramatic Companies*; see also Lee, *A Life of William Shakespeare*, p. 83. The Ratsey Story is found in Halliwell-Phillipps, I, 325, and (incomplete) in the *Shakspere Allusion Book*, I, 154.

acquired shares in theatres and estates in the country.

Gamaliel Ratsey and his company travelling up and down the country, as they had often times done before, *per varios casus et tot discrimina rerum*,[1] still hazarding their several haps, as they had several hopes, came by chance into an inn where that night there harbored a company of players; and Ratsey, framing himself to a humor of merriment caused one or two of the chiefest of them to be sent for up into his chamber, where he demanded whose men they were, and they answered they served such[2] an honorable personage. "I pray you," quoth Ratsey, let me hear your music, for I have often gone to plays more for music's sake than for action; for some of you not content to do well, but striving to overdo and go beyond yourselves often times, by St. George, mar all: yet your poets take great pains to make your parts fit for your mouths, though you gape never so wide. Other-some, I must needs confess, are very well deserving, both for true action and fair delivery of speech; and yet, I warrant you, the very best have sometimes been content to go home at night with fifteen pence share apiece. Others there are whom fortune has so well favored that, what by penny-sparing and long practice of playing, are grown so wealthy that they have expected to be knighted, or at least to be conjunct in authority and to sit with men of great worship on the bench of justice. But if there were none wiser than I am, there should more cats build colleges, and more whores turn honest women, than one, before the world should be filled with such a wonder." Well, music was played, and that night passed over with such

[1] Through sundry adventures and so many sorts of things.

[2] Here and below used in the way we now use *such and such*.

singing, dancing and revelling as if my Lord Prodigal had been there in his ruins of excess and superfluity. In the morning, Ratsey made the players taste of his bounty, and so departed. But every day he had new inventions to obtain his purposes, and as often as fashions alter, so often did he alter his strategems, studying as much how to compass a poor man's purse as players do to win a full audience. About a week after, he met with the same players, although he had so disguised himself with a false head of hair, and beard, that they took no notice of him: and lying as they did before, in one inn together, he was desirous they should play a private play before him, which they did not in the name of the former nobleman's servants; for like chameleons, they had changed their color; but in the name of another, whose indeed they were, although afterwards, when he heard of their abuse, he discharged them and took away his warrant.[1] For, being far off, to give themselves greater countenance, they would pretend to be protected by such an honorable man, denying their lord and master, and coming within ten or twenty miles of him again, they would show themselves under their own lord's favor. Ratsey heard their play, and seemed to like that, though he disliked the rest, and very liberally, took out his purse and gave them forty shillings, with which they held themselves very richly satisfied, for they scarce had twenty shillings' audience at any time, for a play in the country. But Ratsey thought they should not enjoy it long, although he let them bear it about them till the next day in their purses;

[1]The frequent changes of patron and of name for the troupes of actors are seriously confusing to students of the stage; for example, it is by no means possible to decide precisely how many complete and reasonably regular companies were in existence.

for the morning being come, and they having packed away their luggage, and some part of their company before in a wagon, discharged[1] the house and followed them presently. Ratsey intended not to be long after, but having learned which way they travelled, he, being very well horsed and mounted upon his black gelding, soon overtook them; and when they saw it was the gentleman who had been so liberal with them the night before, they began to do him much courtesy and to greet his late kindness with many thanks. But that was not the matter which he aimed at. Therefore he roundly told them they were deceived in him,—he was not the man they took him for. "I am a soldier," saith he, "and one that for means hath ventured my fortunes abroad, and now for money am driven to hazard them at home; I am not to be played upon by players; therefore be short, deliver me your money; I will turn usurer now; my forty shillings again will not serve without interest." They began to make many faces, and to cap and knee, but all would not serve their turn. He bade them leave off their cringing and compliments, and their apish tricks, and dispatch; which they did for fear of the worst, seeing to beg was bootless; and having made a desperate tender of their stock into Ratsey's hands, he bade them play for more, for, says he, "It is an idle profession that brings in much profit, and every night where you come, your playing bears your charges, and [leaves you] somewhat in your purse. Besides, you have fiddlers' fare—meat, drink and money. If the worst be, it is but pawning your apparel, for as good actors and stalkers as you are have done it, though now they scorn it; but in any case hereafter, be

[1]Paid his reckoning at the inn.

not counterfeits; abuse not honorable personages in using their names and countenance, without their consent and privilege; and because you are now destitute of a master, I will give you leave to play under my protection for a sennight's space, and I charge you do it, lest, when I meet you again, I cut you shorter by the hams, and share with you in a sharper manner than I have done at this time. And for you sirra," says he to the chiefest of them, "thou hast a good presence upon a stage; methinks thou darkenest thy merit by playing in the country. Get thee to London, for, if one man were dead, they will have much need for such a one as thou art. There would be none in my opinion fitter than thyself to play his parts. My concept is such of thee that I durst venture all the money in my purse on thy head, to play Hamlet with him for a wager. There thou shalt learn to be frugal—for players were never so thrifty as they are now about London—and to feed upon all men, to let none feed upon thee; to make thy hand a stranger to thy pocket, thy heart slow to perform thy tongue's promise; and when thou feelest thy purse well lined, buy thee some place or lordship in the country, that growing weary of playing, thy money may there bring thee to dignity and reputation; then thou needest care for no man, nor for them that before made thee proud with speaking their words upon the stage." "Sir, I thank thee," quoth the player, "for this good counsel. I promise you I will make good use of it, for I have heard, indeed, of some that have gone to London very meanly, and have come in time to be exceeding wealthy." "And in this presage and prophetical humor of mine," says Ratsey, "kneel down—rise up, Sir Simon Two Shares and a Half;[1] thou art now one of my

[1]Alluding to ownership of shares in a company of actors; in Shake-

knights, and the first knight that ever was player in England. The next time I meet thee, I must share with thee again for playing under my warrant, and so for this time adieu." How ill he brooked this new knighthood, which he durst not but accept of, or liked his late counsel, which he lost his coin for, is easy to be imagined; but whether he met with them again, after the sennight's space that he charged them to play in his name, I have not heard it reported.

Building of the Theatre

The professional actor had been known, of course, even in the days when the miracle play was the only form of organized public spectacle that we can call a play. And throughout the sixteenth century, long before the opening of the public theatres in London, we find abundant evidence of groups or companies of acrobats performing when and as they could, in the courtyards of inns, on improvised stages at fairs, in the town halls, or in the palaces of nobles. The first theatre is so interesting both in itself and because it was the direct parent of the Globe that we quote the chief documents that inform us about it. These documents also introduce us to the notable family of actors with which Shakespeare was closely associated; and they show the same traits of human nature that we might match today, traits which some

speare's company, both he and Burbage at this time owned two shares and a half; but Shakespeare conspicuously was of those who had bought himself a lordship in the country. But we really do not know that the story has reference to Shakespeare's company, supposing it to have a basis of truth.

would designate as unscrupulousness, and others as great business shrewdness. They tell their own story so clearly that there is hardly need of more than a word or two of explanatory comment.

James Burbage, then an actor, leased from Giles Allen a certain parcel of land with its buildings near Finsbury field, without the city walls; the lease stipulating that Burbage should have a lease for twenty-one years dating from April 13, 1576; that he should within ten years expend at least £200 in the buildings; that compliance with this last stipulation should give Burbage the right to a renewal of the lease at the same rental, making the total life of the lease thirty-one years; that at any time before the expiration of the lease Burbage might take down and carry away any playhouse erected on the ground, "in consideration of the employing and bestowing the aforesaid two hundred pounds in form aforesaid.[1]

The rental was £14 a year. Considering that the purchasing power of money was then at least twelve times what it is now, the rental would amount to about eight hundred dollars. The playhouse was erected, in spite of the fact, set forth in the following document, that Burbage was a man of very little means, at a cost of about £700.

The document we quote here is a petition filed by Cuthbert Burbage and members of his family in a suit brought by Robert Benefield and others to obtain shares in the Globe and the Blackfriars; we are

[1]C. W. Wallace, *The First London Theatre*, p. 182.

not concerned with the merit of the claim made, but merely interested in the facts set forth by the Burbage family.[1]

To The Right Honorable Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's household. Right Honorable and our singular good Lord. We your humble suppliants, Cuthbert Burbage and Winifrid, his brother's wife, and William his son, do tender to your honorable consideration for what respects and good reasons we ought not in all charity to be disabled of our livelihoods by men so soon shot up, since it has been the custom that they should come to it by far more antiquity and desert than these can justly attribute to themselves. And first humbly showing to your honor the infinite charges, the manifold lawsuits, the lease's expiration, by the restraints in sickness times, and other accidents, that did cut from them the best part of the gains that your honor is informed they have received. The father of us, Cuthbert and Richard Burbage, was the first builder of playhouses, and was himself in his younger years a player. The Theatre he built with many hundred pounds taken up at interest. The players that lived in those first times had only the profits arising from the doors, but now the players receive all the comings in at the doors to themselves and half the galleries from the housekeepers. He built this house upon leased ground, by which means the landlord and he had a great suit in law, and by his death, the like troubles fell on us, his sons; we then bethought us of altering from thence, and at like expense built the Globe, with more sums of money taken up at interest, which lay heavy on us many years; and to ourselves we

[1]Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines* I, 317.

joined those deserving men, Shakespeare, Heminges, Condell, Phillips and others, partners in the profits of that they call the house, but making the leases for twenty-one years hath been the destruction of ourselves and others, for they dying at the expiration of three or four years of their lease, the subsequent years became dissolved to strangers as by marrying with their widows and the like by their children. Thus, Right Honorable, as concerning the Globe, where we ourselves are but lessees. Now, for the Blackfriars, that is our inheritance; our father purchased it at extreme rates, and made it into a playhouse with great charge and trouble; which after was leased out to one Evans that first set up the boys commonly called the Queen's Majesty's Children of the Chapel. In process of time, the boys growing up to be men, which were Underwood, Field, Ostler, were taken to strengthen the King's service; and the more to strengthen the service, the boys daily wearing out, it was considered that house would be as fit for ourselves, and so purchased the lease remaining from Evans with our money, and placed men players, which were Heminges, Condell, Shakespeare, &c. And Richard Burbage, who for thirty-five years' pains, cost and labor, made means to leave his wife and children some estate, and out of whose estate so many of other players and their families have been maintained, these new men, that were never bred from children in the King's service, would take away with oaths and menaces, that we shall be forced and that they will not thank us for it; so that it seems they would not pay us for what they would have or we can spare, which, more to satisfy your honor than their threatening pride, we are for ourselves willing to part with a part between us, they paying according as ever hath been the custom and the number

of years the lease is made for. . . . Wherefore your Honor's most humble suppliants entreats (*sic*) that they may not further be trampled upon than their estates can bear, seeing how dearly it hath been purchased by the infinite cost and pains of the family of the Burbages, and the great desert of Richard Burbage for his quality of playing, that his wife should not starve in her old age.

What this building was like we can guess from the contract for another theatre, the Fortune, built by the same carpenter whom we shall presently see to have been concerned in the demolition of the Theatre and its reconstruction as the Globe. Of course, it is probable that experience had shown Burbage, Henslowe, and other builders that some improvements could be made; therefore it would not be safe to assume that Burbage's first playhouse was as carefully or conveniently designed; but the size and the general arrangements were probably about the same.[1]

Contract for the Fortune

This indenture made the eighth day of January, 1599, and in the two and fortieth year of the reign of our sovereign Lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queen of England, France and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c., between Phillip Henslowe and Edward Allen of the parish of Saint Saviours in Southwark, in the county of Surrey, gentlemen, on the one part, and Peter Street, citizen and carpenter of London, on the other part, Witnesseth that, whereas the said Phillip Henslowe and Edward Allen the day of the date hereof have bar-

[1]Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, I, 304.

gained, compounded and agreed with the said Peter Street for the erecting, building, and setting up of a new house and stage for a play-house, in and upon a certain plot or parcel of ground appointed out for that purpose, situate and being near Golding Lane in the parish of Saint Giles without Cripplegate of London; to be by him the said Peter Street, or some other sufficient workmen of his providing and appointment, and at his proper costs and charges, for the consideration hereafter in these presents expressed, made, erected, builded and set up, in manner and form following; that is to say, the frame of the said house to be set square, and to contain fourscore foot of lawful assize every way square without, and fifty-five foot of like assize square every way within, with a good, sure, and strong foundation of piles, brick, lime, and sand, both without and within, to be wrought one foot of assize at the least above the ground; and the said frame to contain three stories in height, the first or lower story to contain twelve foot of lawful assize in height, the second story eleven foot of lawful assize in height, and the third or upper story to contain nine foot of lawful assize in height. All which stories shall contain twelve foot and a half of lawful assize in breadth throughout, besides a juttey forwards in either of the said two upper stories of ten inches of lawful assize; with four convenient divisions for gentlemen's rooms, and other sufficient and convenient divisions for two-penny rooms; with necessary seats to be placed and set as well in those rooms as throughout all the rest of the galleries of the said house; and with such like stairs, conveyances, and divisions, without and within, as are made and contrived in and to the late erected play-house on the Bank, in the said parish of Saint Saviours, called the Globe; with a stage and

tireing-house to be made, erected and set up within the said frame; with a shadow or cover over the said stage; which stage shall be placed and set, as also the staircases of the said frame, in such sort as is prefigured in a plot thereof drawn; and which stage shall contain in length forty and three foot of lawful assize, and in breadth to extend to the middle of the yard of the said house; the same stage to be paled in below with good strong and sufficient new oaken boards, and likewise the lower story of the said frame withinside, and the same lower story to be also laid over and fenced with strong iron pikes; and the said stage to be in all other proportions contrived and fashioned like unto the stage of the said play-house called the Globe; with convenient windows and lights glazed to the said tireing-house. And the said frame, stage and staircases to be covered with tile, and to have a sufficient gutter of lead, to carry and convey the water from the covering of the said stage, to fall backwards. And also all the said frame and the staircases thereof to be sufficiently enclosed without with lath, lime and hair. And the gentlemen's rooms and two-penny rooms to be sealed with lath, lime and hair; and all the floors of the said galleries, stories and stage to be boarded with good and sufficient new deal boards of the whole thickness, where need shall be. And the said house, and other things before mentioned to be made and done, to be in all other contrivitions,[1] conveyances, fashions, thing and things, effected, finished, and done according to the manner and fashion of the said house called the Globe; saving only that all the principal and main posts of the said frame, and stage forward, shall be square and wrought pilasterwise,

[1]Obviously, this should mean *contrivances;* it is not in *N. E. D.*

with carved proportions called satiers to be placed and set on the top of every of the same posts; and saving also that the said Peter Street shall not be charged with any manner of painting in or about the said frame, house, or stage, or any part thereof, nor rendering the walls within nor sealing any more or other rooms than the gentlemen's rooms, two-penny rooms and stage, before remembered. Now thereupon the said Peter Street doth covenant, promise and grant for himself, his executors and administrators, to and with the said Phillip Henslowe and Edward Allen, and either of them and the executors and administrators of them, and either of them by these presents, in manner and form following, that is to say; that he the said Peter Street, his executors or assigns, shall and will, at his or their own proper costs and charges, well, workmanlike and substantially make, erect, set up and fully finish in and by all things, according to the true meaning of these presents, with good, strong, and substantial new timber and other necessary stuff, all the said frame and other work whatsoever in and upon the said plot or parcel of ground, being not by any authority restrained, and having ingress, egress and regress to do the same, before the five and twentieth day of July next coming after the date hereof; and shall also at his or their like costs and charges, provide and find all manner of workmen, timber, joists, rafters, boards, doors, bolts, hinges, brick, tile, lath, lime, hair, sand, nails, lead, iron, glass, workmanship and other things whatsoever, which shall be needful, convenient and necessary for the said frame and works and every part thereof; and shall also make all the said frame in every point for scantlings larger and bigger in assize than the scantlings of the timber of the said new erected house called the Globe.

And also that he the said Peter Street shall forthwith, as well by himself as by such other and so many workmen as shall be convenient and necessary, enter into and upon the said buildings and works, and shall in reasonable manner proceed therein, without any wilful detraction until the same shall be fully effected and finished. In consideration of all which buildings, and of all stuff and workmanship thereto belonging, the said Phillip Henslowe and Edward Allen, and either of them, for themselves, their and either of their executors and administrators, do jointly and severally covenant to grant to and with the said Peter Street, his executors and administrators, by these presents, that they, the said Phillip Henslowe and Edward Allen, or one of them or the executors, administrators or assigns of them or one of them, shall and will well and truly pay or cause to be paid unto the said Peter Street, his executors or assigns, at the place aforesaid appointed for the erecting of the said frame, the full sum of four hundred and forty pounds of lawful money of England, in manner and form following; that is to say, at such time and whenas the timber work of the said frame shall be raised and set up by the said Peter Street, his executors or assigns, or within seven days then next following, two hundred and twenty pounds: and at such time and whenas the said frame and work shall be fully effected and finished as is aforesaid, or within seven days then next following, the other two hundred and twenty pounds, without fraud or covine. Provided always, and it is agreed between the said parties, that whatsoever sum or sums of money the said Phillip Henslowe and Edward Allen, or either of them, or the executors or assigns of them or either of them shall lend or deliver unto the said Peter Street, his executors or assigns

or any other by his appointment or consent, for or concerning the said works or any part thereof, or any stuff thereto belonging, before the raising and setting up of the said frame, shall be reputed, accepted, taken and accounted in part of the first payment aforesaid of the said sum of four hundred and forty pounds; and all such sum and sums of money as they, or any of them, shall as aforesaid lend or deliver between the raising of the said frame and finishing thereof, and of all the rest of the said works, shall be reputed, accepted, taken and accounted in part of the last payment aforesaid of the same sum of four hundred and forty pounds; any thing above-said to the contrary not withstanding. In witness whereof the parties above-said to these present indentures interchangeably have set their hands and seals. Given the day and year first above-written.

The Globe

There is hardly to be found a more amusing episode in connection with Shakespeare's life than the plain record of the facts about how the Globe Theatre came to be built. Think what we will of the probability of his stealing game from Sir Thomas Lucy, we find him (with his faithful friends of the Lord Chamberlain's company of actors) *particeps criminis* in the stealing of an entire playhouse from the indignant landlord, Giles Allen. We must simplify and condense the documents, but we will quote freely. You will recall that Burbage's lease gave him a right of renewal and also a right under certain conditions to remove the playhouse. James Burbage, it seems, vainly sought to pin Giles Allen down to a re-

newal of the lease before the expiration of its term. He died just as matters were about to come to a head, the control of the Theatre passing to his son Cuthbert, who likewise tried unavailingly to come to a reasonable understanding with the landlord. The lease expired on April 13, 1597, but Burbage must still have believed that his tenancy might be continued; and since by order of the Privy Council all playhouses were to remain closed until November, he did not take any immediate steps. But some months later he heard that Giles Allen designed removing the timber of the building for his own use. On December 28, 1598, Cuthbert Burbage[1] and his friends anticipated the sort of thing we have seen in "midnight injunctions" and the cut-throat rivalry of companies seeking to hold a franchise.

Cuthbert Burbage, . . . unlawfully combining and confederating himself with the said Richard Burbage, and one Peter Street, William Smyth and divers other persons, to the number of twelve, to your subject unknown, did about the eight and twentieth day of December in the one and fortieth year of your Highness's reign, and since your Highness's last and general pardon by the confederacy aforesaid, riotously assemble themselves together and then and there armed themselves with divers and many unlawful and offensive weapons, as namely swords, daggers, bills, axes, and such like, and so armed,

[1]Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, I, 360, gives rèsumè; Wallace, *The First London Theatre*, p. 276, gives the full document, from the Bill of Complaint in the Star Chamber suit brought by Allen against Burbage, 1602.

did then repair to the said Theatre, and then and there, armed as aforesaid, in very riotous, outrageous and forcible manner, and contrary to the laws of your Highness's realm, attempted to pull down the said Theatre; whereupon divers of your subjects, servants and farmers, then going about in peaceful manner to procure them to desist from that unlawful enterprise, they, the said riotous persons aforesaid, notwithstanding procured then therein with great violence, not only then and there forcibly and riotously resisting your subjects, servants and farmers, but also then and there pulling, breaking and throwing down the said Theatre in very outrageous, violent and riotous sort, to the great disturbance and terrifying not only of your subjects, said servants and farmers, but of divers others of your Majesty's loving subjects there near inhabiting; and having so done, did then also in most forcible and riotous manner take and carry away from thence all the wood and timber thereof unto the Bankside in the Parish of St. Mary Overies, and there erected a new playhouse with the said timber and wood.

The new playhouse must have been regarded as the best in design, for we have seen that the shrewd Henslowe and his famous son-in-law, Edward Alleyn, expressly stipulated that their new house should be like the Globe. And with its erection there comes into being also a most interesting company of shareholders. Cuthbert Burbage and his brother Richard probably could not themselves finance the whole operation; at all events, they associated with them as shareholders in the Globe, with one share each, William Shakespeare, John Heminges, Augustine

Phillips, Thomas Pope, and William Kemp, actors of the Lord Chamberlain's Company, the Burbages having each two and one-half shares. It was a solid and prosperous business association. We can only estimate what Shakespeare may have received in money for his tenth of the profits in a good year; Sir Sidney Lee[1] places it at about £150 a year. And again we may note that Shakespeare is quite as a matter of course named as an important personage. Sir Thomas Brend, from whom the Globe shareholders held a lease of the ground for thirty-one years, died in 1599, and the inventory of his estate includes the Globe as "a house newly builded, in the occupancy of William Shakespeare and others."[2]

In 1598 Shakespeare's company produced Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, and tradition has it that the play, at first declined by the actors, was accepted because of the poet's friendly intercession.[3] At all events, when Jonson printed the play he signalized his friend's company in a special page:

This Comedy was first acted in the year 1598 by the then L. Chamberlain his servants. The principal Comedians were:

Will Shakespeare	Ric. Burbage
Aug. Philips	Joh. Hemings
Hen. Condell	Tho. Pope
Will Slye	Chr. Beeston
Will Kempe	Joh. Duke

[1] *A Life of William Shakespeare*, p. 308.

[2] Wallace, *London Times*, May 1, 1914. I have translated the Latin phrases of the original.

[3] See Rowe's *Life*, above, p. 16.

We are again to find Shakespeare's name high in the list in the license for the King's Players when the company passed over[1] into the service of King James (May 19, 1603):

James by the grace of God, etc., to all Justices, Mayors, Sheriffs, Constables, Headboroughs, and other our officers and loving subjects, greeting. Know ye that we of our special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion have licensed and authorized and by these presents do license and authorize our servants Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillipes, John Heminges, Henry Condell, William Sly, Robert Armyn, Richard Cowley and the rest of their associates freely to use and exercise the art and faculty of playing Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Interludes, Morals, Pastorals, stage plays, and such other like as they have already studied or hereafter shall use or study, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them during our pleasure. And the said Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Interludes, Morals, Pastorals, Stage-plays, and such like to show and exercise publicly to their best commodity when the infection of the plague shall decrease, as well within their now usual house called the *Globe*, within our county of Surrey, as also within any town halls or moot halls or other convenient places within the liberties and freedom of any other city, university town, or borough whatsoever within our said realms and dominions, willing and commanding you and every of you, as you tender our pleasure, not only to permit and suffer them herein without any your lets,

[1]Malone Society *Collections*, I, 264.

hindrances, or molestations during our said pleasure, but also be aiding and assisting to them if any wrong be to them offered, and to allow them such former courtesies as hath been given to men of their place and quality; and also what further favour you shall show to these our servants for our sake we shall take kindly at your hands. In witness whereof, etc., witness ourself, at Westminster, the nineteenth day of May.

The Burning of the Globe

Because most of Shakespeare's plays deal with themes and incidents not directly related to his own time we are apt to overlook the fact that Elizabethan plays of a very different sort appeared, and in plenty. We remind you here that *Gorboduc* itself was designed, hardly any doubt of it, for what we should call political propaganda—in furtherance of the hope that the young queen would marry and give England an heir to the throne. But after James came to the throne there were also many plays dealing with well known persons, even the King himself, or the late Queen, or her still popular father. Shakespeare participated with Fletcher in making up such a play, *Henry VIII*, which was to be a grand spectacle, presented with all the pomp and circumstance that the company could devise. The fact that stage traditions were passed along from actor to actor is well substantiated by the comment of John Downes upon the acting of *Henry VIII* by Betterton after the Restoration. He says in *Roscius Anglicanus:*

The part of the King was so right and justly done by

Mr. Betterton, he being instructed in it by Sir William [Davenant], who had it from old Mr. Lowin [of Shakespeare's company], that had his instructions from Mr. Shakespeare himself, that I dare and will aver, none can or will come near him in this age in the performance of that part.[1]

But we will let the witnesses tell what took place upon June 29, 1613.

Sir Henry Wotton, who was probably among the many notable persons present, writes to Sir Edmund Bacon (*Reliquiae Wottonianae*), July 2, 1613:

I will entertain you at the present with what hath happened this week at the Bankside. The King's Players had a new play, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the Knights of the Order with their Georges and Garters, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like, sufficient in truth within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, King Henry making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabrick;

[1] *Shakspere Allusion Book*, II, 438; Downes gives a rather ragged but useful account of plays and actors between 1663 and 1693.

wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with a bottle of ale.

We have a short account, too, in Stowe's *Annals:*

Upon St. Peter's Day last, the playhouse, or theatre, called the Globe, upon the Bankside, near London, by negligent discharge of a peal of ordnance, close to the south side thereof, the thatch took fire, and the wind suddenly dispersed the flames round about, and in a very short space the whole building was quite consumed; and no man hurt; the house being filled with people to behold the play, viz: of Henry the Eight.

And the event was recorded in two contemporary ballads, a means frequently used before the newspaper came into being to record sensational incidents. No printed text of either ballad survives, but we have a copy[1] from a book of manuscript ballads said to be of the seventeenth century, certainly one of these:

Now sit thee down, Melpomene,
Wrapt in a sea-coal robe,
And tell the doleful tragedy
That late was played at Globe;
For no man that can sing and say
Was scared on St. Peter's Day.
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.[2]

[1]Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, I, 310.
[2]Alluding to the subtitle: *Henry VIII, or All is True.*

All you that please to understand,
Come listen to my story;
To see Death with his raking brand
Mongst such an auditory;
Regarding neither Cardinal's might,
Nor yet the rugged face of Henry the Eight.
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

This fearful fire began above,
A wonder strange and true,
And to the stage house did remove,
As round as tailor's clew,
And burnt down both beam and snag,
And did not spare the silken flag,
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

Out run the knights, out run the lords,
And there was great ado;
Some lost their hats, and some their swords;
Then out run Burbage, too.
The reprobates, though drunk on Monday,
Prayed for the fool and Henry Condy[1]
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

The periwigs and drum-heads fried
Like to a butter firkin:
A woeful burning did betide
To many a good buff jerkin.
Then with swollen eyes, like drunken Flemings,
Distressed stood old stuttering Heminges,
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

[1]Henry Condell.

No shower his rain did there down force
In all that sunshine weather,
To save that great renowned house,
Nor thou, O ale-house, neither.
Had it begun below, sans doubt,

. . . . . .

Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

Be warned, you stage strutters all,
Lest you again be catched,
And such a burning do befall
As to them whose house was thatched;
Forbear your whoring, breeding biles,
And lay up that expense for tiles,
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

Go draw you a petition,
And do you not abhor it,
And get with low submission
A license to beg for it
In churches, sans churchwardens' checks,
In Surrey and in Middlesex.
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

Possibly Shakespeare himself was not present, since it seems likely that his name would have found a place in the lines along with those of other actors. The pious wish of the ballad writer, perhaps a Puritan, that the actors might be reduced to begging, was not to be granted; for a new and more substantial Globe was in due time built, and it is possible that the actors saved at least their more costly costumes. We do not know whether they lost in this fire, as

some have guessed, the precious manuscripts of their plays. But since, ten years later, Heminges and Condell were able to print in the First Folio twenty plays not printed before, it is probable that the manuscripts were saved.

IV. THE MAN OF PROPERTY

1. The Combe Lands. 2. The Blackfriars House.
3. The Mountjoy Lawsuit. 4. The Will.

1. THE COMBE LANDS

TIME OUT of mind the Englishman has set great store by the ownership of land, and we have remaining abundant evidence to show that Shakespeare was a property owner on a large scale. Just here we shall cite two important records, quoting the larger part of each.

The first[1] has to do with the Combe family, about whom you will find items elsewhere in this volume, the record being among the documents in the Shakespeare Birthplace Museum at Stratford.

This indenture made the first day of May, in the four and fortieth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lady Elizabeth . . . between William Combe of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, esquire, and John Combe of Old Stratford, in the county aforesaid, gentlemen, on the one part, and William Shakespeare of Stratford upon Avon, in the county aforesaid, gentleman, on the other part: Witnesseth that the said William Combe and John Combe for and in consideration of the sum of £320 of current English money . . . do fully, clearly and absolutely alien, bargain, sell, give, grant, and confirm unto the said William Shakespeare all and singular those

[1]Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, II, 17.

arable lands, with the appurtenances, containing by estimation four yard land of arable land, situated . . . within the parish, fields, or town of Old Stratford . . . containing by estimation one hundred and seven acres, be they more or less; and also all the common of pasture for sheep, horse, kine, or other cattle, in the fields of Old Stratford, aforesaid, to the said four yard land belonging or in any wise appertaining.

2. THE BLACKFRIARS HOUSE

THUS THE prosperous actor was adding to his lands in his native town, and obviously using the designation "William Shakespeare, of Stratford on Avon, *gentleman*," whether we choose to regard this as a bit of empty legislative verbiage or as a significant title. The same sort of comment might apply in regard to the next bit of a record showing how the most famous member of the King's men was associated with his friend John Heminges, treasurer of the company, in effecting a purchase in the Blackfriars, which was probably for investment only, although the proximity of the property to the Blackfriars Theatre, then controlled by Shakespeare and his fellows, may make one suspect that the house might have been bought with an eye to possible service for the actor's business. The transaction involves two documents,[1] each of which bears Shakespeare's signature. The first, the conveyance of the property, is preserved in the Guildhall Museum; the second, a mortgage covering the same property to a specified sum, is in the British

[1]Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, II, 31-36.

Museum. We shall again abridge the mere wordiness of the documents:

This indenture made the tenth day of March (1613)... between Henry Walker, citizen and minstrel of London, of the one part, and William Shakespeare, of Stratford upon Avon in the County of Warwick, gentleman, William Johnson, citizen and vintner of London, John Jackson and John Heminges of London, gentlemen, of the other part:

Witnesseth that the said Henry Walker, for and in consideration of the sum of £140 of lawful money of England to him in hand . . . by the said William Shakespeare well and truly paid . . . doth fully, clearly, and absolutely bargain and sell unto the said William Shakespeare, William Johnson . . . all that dwelling house or tenement, with the appurtenances, situate and being within the precinct . . . of the late Blackfriars, London, sometime in the tenure of James Gardener, esquire . . . abutting upon a street leading down to Puddle Wharf . . . and also all that plot of ground on the west side of the same tenement which was lately inclosed with boards on two sides thereof by Anne Bacon, widow; . . . to have and to hold the said dwelling house or tenement, shops . . . plot of ground . . . and every part and parcel thereof . . . unto the said William Shakespeare, William Johnson . . . their heirs and assigns for ever . . . and further that all and every fine . . . to be levied . . . shall be esteemed . . . to be to the only and proper use and behoof of the said William Shakespeare, his heirs and assigns for ever. . . . In witness whereof the said parties . . . have set their seals. Given the day and years first above written. —Sealed and delivered by the said William Shakespeare,

William Johnson, and John Jackson, in the presence of Will Atkinson, Ed. Overy, Robert Andrews, Henry Lawrence.

The mortgage deed, made on March 11, 1613, by the same parties has the effect only of protecting Henry Walker in the sum named; but it is so quaint in one or two phrases and provisions that we feel justified in quoting some significant portions:

Witnesseth that the said William Shakespeare [and the rest] do grant and to farm let unto the said Henry Walker all that dwelling house or tenement . . . from the feast of the Annunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary next coming after the date hereof unto the end and term of one hundred years from thence next ensuing; . . . yielding and paying therefor yearly during the said term unto the said William Shakespeare, William Johnson . . . a peppercorn at the feast of Easter yearly, if the same be lawfully demanded, and no more; provided always that if the said William Shakespeare, his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns, or any of them, do well and truly pay or cause to be paid to the said Henry Walker . . . the sum of threescore pounds of lawful money of England in and upon the nine and twentieth day of September next coming . . . this present lease . . . be utterly void, frustrate, and of none effect.

This deed is signed by *Wm. Shakspere* and the others. Briefly, we might note here that Shakespeare leased the property to one John Robinson; that Shakespeare was a co-suitor with other complainants requiring better title to certain Blackfriars properties

from one Matthew Bacon (son of Anne), and won the suit (May, 1615); and that, the mortgage not being removed, the trustees (February 10, 1618) Heminges, Jackson, etc., "in performance of the confidence and trust in them reposed by William Shakespeare, deceased, late of Stratford aforesaid, gentleman," make provision for this house in the Blackfriars, subject to the terms of the poet's will and of the lease to Robinson.

3. THE MOUNTJOY LAWSUIT

You may recall that Aubrey in his notes spoke of Shakespeare as if he were a resident of Shoreditch. There has been, until very recent years, more discussion than tangible evidence about where Shakespeare lived in London and whom he knew there. The most direct of the earlier references is that which shows him in no very creditable light, because it is an assessment for taxes, apparently not paid, in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, which is not in Shoreditch, but is reasonably near. Taxes being sure to find you out in some form or other, however, it appears that these followed Shakespeare up and were paid later on, when he was resident in Southwark, across the river. We know neither the street nor the house in either case. Until 1910 that was all we could say with any certainty about his residence. In 1910, however, Professor C. W. Wallace, of the University of Nebraska, made public[1] parts of some

[1] *Harper's Magazine*, March, 1910; see also *London Times*, May 1, 1910, and Wallace, *Shakespeare and his London Associates*.

of the most important and interesting materials collected about Shakespeare since the days of Malone. In brief, there was found the record of a rather petty lawsuit in which one Stephen Belott brought suit against his father-in-law, Christopher Mountjoy, for the fulfillment of promises alleged to have been made regarding a dower and certain bequests, promised to the said Stephen Belott at the time of his marriage (1604) with Mary Mountjoy, only daughter of Christopher. The parties to the suit were both French Huguenots, engaged in the then important business of tiremaker, equivalent to something like what would be in our day a combination of hairdresser and wigmaker. In those days men and women alike had elaborate headdresses, hats and feathered pieces. The business of the tiremaker was, therefore, a fashionable and probably a remunerative one if the right sort of clients were obtained. In the course of the suit, brought in the year 1612, several of the witnesses examined testified that a certain Master William Shakespeare had practically made the match between Mary Mountjoy and Stephen Belott. More than this, one of the witnesses was, as would appear from the document given below, William Shakespeare, of Stratford on Avon, County of Warwick.

We do not think it significant for our purpose to go into the merits of the suit, which seems to have been the result of a rather sordid domestic quarrel. The matter that does interest us is the unquestionable fact of Shakespeare's residence as a lodger with the

Mountjoys in Silver Street, near Soho, and the fact of their trust and confidence in him. The fact that both Belott and Mountjoy may have led lives open to criticism is perfectly apparent in some of the documents published by Mr. Wallace. For example, the sitting of the Consistory of the French Church of London, Thursday, July 30, 1612,[1] declared "tous deux, père et gendre, desbauchez"; and in February, 1614:

> Cretophle Montioye, ayant souvent esté exhorté ... d'estre pieux, de sa vie desreglée, et desbordée ... estant endurci, ayant esté tiré au magistrat pour ses paillardises et adulteres ... .

Clearly the good brethren of the church, finding Mountjoy a recalcitrant sinner haled before the police courts for lechery, believe he is rather a hopeless person.

From Mr. Wallace's interesting volume we quote all of the more important passages and enough of the references, it is hoped, to make the matter plain. It should be noted that the formal interrogatories or questions to be submitted to the various witnesses are the same for all of the witnesses, and that there are three different sets of interrogatories, each placing the matter in its own way—two of the sets of questions *ex parte* Belott, one *ex parte* Mountjoy, the defendant. Shakespeare is mentioned in the testimony of several witnesses for Belott,but not in the testimony

[1] Wallace, *Shakespeare and His London Associates*, pp. 40, 41.

of the witnesses for Mountjoy. The court referred the whole matter to the French Church for a hearing, and the Church gave a decision substantially in favor of Belott.

We have first the process summoning Shakespeare along with other witnesses to appear for examination at Easter term of the court, 1612. Then follow the interrogatories to be offered to the witnesses. Taking these out of their complicated spelling and phraseology, but keeping every item, the first set of questions reads as follows:

1. In the first place, whether do you know the parties, plaintiff and defendant, and how long have you known them and either of them.

2. Item, whether did you know the complainant when he was servant with the said defendant: how and in what sort did he behave himself in the service of the said defendant; and whether did not the said defendant confess that he had got great profit and commodity by the service of the said complainant.

3. Item, whether did not the said defendant seem to bear great good will and affection towards the said complainant during the time of his said service, and what report did he then give of the said complainant touching his said service; and whether did not the said defendant make a motion unto the said complainant of marriage with the said Mary in the bill mentioned,[1] being the said defendant's sole child and daughter, and willingly offer to perform the same if the said complainant should seem to be content and well like thereof. And whether did not

[1] That is, named by Belott in his bill of complaint.

he likewise send any person or no to persuade the said complainant to the same. Declare the truth of your knowledge herein.

4. Item, what sum or sums of money did the said defendant promise to give the said complainant for a portion in marriage with the said Mary his daughter, whether the sum of threescore pounds or what other sum, as you know or have heard; and when was the same to be paid, whether at the day of marriage of the said complainant and the said Mary, or what other time? And what further portion did the said defendant promise to give unto the said complainant with the said Mary at the time of his decease, whether the sum two hundred pounds or what other sums? And whether upon the said persuasions and promises of the said defendant did not the said complainant shortly after marry with her, the said Mary? Declare the truth herein as you know, verily believe, or have credibly heard.

5. Item, what parcels of goods or household stuff did the defendant promise to give unto the complainant in marriage with his said wife? . . . Did he not give them these parcels; one old feather bed, one old feather bolster, a flock bolster; a thin green rug; two ordinary blankets woven; two pair sheets, a dozen of napkins of coarse diaper; two short table cloths; six short towels and one long one; an old drawing table; two old joint stools; one wainscot cupboard; one twisting wheel of wood; two pair of little scissors; one old trunk and a like old trunk; one bobbin box. And what do you think in your conscience all these said parcels might be worth at the time they were delivered by the defendant's appointment unto the plaintiffs? Declare the truth herein at large.

The witness Joan Johnson, a servant in the Mountjoy household, testified that the defendant had sent and persuaded one Mr. Shakespeare, that lay in the house, to persuade the plaintiff to the same marriage.

The witnesses Joan Johnson, Daniel Nicholas, and William Shakespeare all testified with more or less completeness in favor of Belott. In answer to the third interrogatory Daniel Nicholas

saith he heard one William Shakespeare say that the defendant did bear a good opinion of the plaintiff and affected him well when he served him, and did move the plaintiff by him, the said Shakespeare, to have marriage between his daughter, Mary Mountjoy, and the plaintiff. And for that purpose sent him, the said Shakespeare, to the plaintiff to persuade the plaintiff to the same, as Shakespeare told him, this deponent: which was effected and solemnized upon promise of a portion with her. And more he cannot depose.

To the fourth interrogatory this deponent saith, that the plaintiff did request him, this deponent, to go with his wife to Shakespeare to understand the truth how much and what the defendant did promise to bestow on his daughter in marriage with him, the plaintiff; who did so. And asking Shakespeare thereof, he answered that he promised if the plaintiff would marry with Mary, his, the defendant's only daughter, he the defendant would by his promise, as he remembered, give the plaintiff with her in marriage about the sum of fifty pounds in money and certain household stuff.

William Shakespeare of Stratford upon Avon, in the County of Warwick, gentleman, of the age of forty-eight years or thereabouts, sworn and examined the day and

year above said, deposeth and saith:

1. To the first interrogatory this deponent saith he knoweth the parties, plaintiff and defendant, and hath known them both, as he now remembereth, for the space of ten years or thereabouts.

2. To the second interrogatory this deponent saith he did know the complainant when he was servant with the defendant, and that during the time of his, the complainant's service with the said defendant, he the said complainant to this deponent's knowledge did well and honestly behave himself. But to this deponent's remembrance he hath not heard the defendant confess that he had got any great profit and commodity by the service of the said complainant. But this deponent saith he verily thinketh that the said complainant was a very good and industrious servant in the said service. And more he cannot depose to the said interrogatory.

3. To the third interrogatory this deponent saith that it did evidently appear that the said defendant did all the time of the said complainant's service with him bear and show great good will and affection towards the said complainant; and that he hath heard the defendant and his wife diverse and sundry times say and report that the said complainant was a very honest fellow. And this deponent saith that the said defendant did make a motion unto the complainant of marriage with the said Mary in the bill mentioned, being the said defendant's sole child and daughter; and willingly offered to perform the same if the said complainant should seem to be content and well like thereof. And further this deponent saith that said defendant's wife did solicit and entreat this deponent to move and persuade the said complainant to effect the said marriage; and accordingly this deponent did move

and persuade the said complainant thereunto. And more to this interrogatory he cannot depose.

4. To the fourth interrogatory this deponent saith that the defendant promised to give the said complainant a portion in marriage with Mary his daughter; but what certain portion he remembereth not, nor when to be paid; nor knoweth the defendant promised two hundred pounds with his daughter Mary at the time of his decease; but saith that the plaintiff was dwelling with the defendant in his house, and they had amongst themselves many conferences about their marriage, which was afterwards consummated and solemnized. And more he cannot depose.

5. To the fifth interrogatory this deponent saith he cannot say anything touching any part or point of the same interrogatory, for he knoweth not what implements and necessaries of household stuff the defendant gave the plaintiff in marriage with his daughter, Mary.

[signed] William Shakespeare.

The witness Daniel Nicholas added a bit to the testimony in the second set of interrogatories.

To the fourth interrogatory this deponent saith that the defendant did never send him, this deponent, unto the complainant to make motion of marriage betwixt the complainant and the said Mary Mountjoy, being the defendant's sole daughter and child; but Mr. William Shakespeare told him, this deponent, that the defendant sent him, the said Mr. Shakespeare, to the plaintiff about such a marriage to be had between them. And Shakespeare told this deponent that the defendant told him, that if the plaintiff would marry the said Mary, his

daughter, he would give him, the plaintiff, a sum of money with her for a portion in marriage with her. And if he, the plaintiff, did not marry with her, the said Mary, and she with the plaintiff, she should never cost him, the defendant, her father, a groat. Whereupon and in regard Mr. Shakespeare had told them that they should have a sum of money for a portion from the father they were made sure by Mr. Shakespeare by giving their consent and agreed to marry, and did marry. But what sum it was that Mr. Mountjoy promised to give them he, the said Mr. Shakespeare, could not remember, but said it was fifty pounds or thereabouts, to his best remembrance. And as he remembereth, Mr. Shakespeare said he promised to give them a portion of his goods; but what, or to what value he remembereth not. And more he cannot depose.

Another witness, William Eaton, an apprentice with Belott, questioned in the second set of interrogatories, likewise in his answer to the fourth question

Saith he hath heard one Mr. Shakespeare say that he was sent by the defendant to the plaintiff to move the plaintiff to have a marriage between them, the plaintiff and the defendant's daughter, Mary Mountjoy. And heard Mr. Shakespeare say that he was wished by the defendant to make proffer of a certain sum that the defendant said he would give the plaintiff with his daughter, Mary Mountjoy, in marriage, but he had forgot the sum.

Another witness, also, Noel Mountjoy, mentions Shakespeare as having been employed to negotiate the marriage; but his testimony adds nothing to that

already given.

We must note, of course, that the very important fact of adding another to the known signatures of Shakespeare is an item in this case. In the second place, we find about as positive evidence as one could ask for the fact that Shakespeare was resident with a family whose everyday language was French. It is not guessing too much, we should think, to guess that he could at least understand French, if not speak it. In the third place, for those who must have a local habitation in order to have a name, we now know that Shakespeare dwelt in Silver Street with the Mountjoys, at least for several years. We might guess from the reliance placed upon him that he merited the reputation of being a kindly-disposed and friendly man.

Different readers will read different things between the lines of the testimony—perhaps it is not going too far to say that Shakespeare's testimony seems reluctant, as if he would not further contribute to a domestic quarrel, as if he would remember only the amiable things about either Belott or Mountjoy. Of course he could not have been at the time of the sitting directly involved, for he was then in reality resident in Stratford on Avon.

4. THE WILL

In the principal Probate Registry, Somerset House, London, the most puzzling of all our Shakespeare documents is now carefully preserved—the last Will and testament, each of its three sheets attested by a

signature which some declare the product of a hand unskilled in writing, or at least in penmanship. The Will was long lost sight of among the public records,[1] coming to light in the period when (about 1785) such scholars as Johnson, Capell, Malone, and Steevens had followed up Rowe's pioneer reconnaissance by a more systematic exploration. It has been the subject of renewed study within the year by several investigators, all of whom owe thanks to Dr. S. A. Tannenbaum for his excellent presentation of facsimile and transcript, whether all agree with his views or not. We do not purpose entering into any controversy here, and therefore we give merely what is meant to be an intelligible transcript of the Will, with only such comment as seems to be supported by fact; but it must be confessed that in some cases the mere fact itself is determined by an opinion. For example, we do not know whether the phrases "in perfect health and memory" are sheer legal jargon or "honest plain words"; we do not know why puzzling interlineations and erasures were tolerated in a document that the notary should have prepared in a "fair copy." The date itself, originally January, has been altered to March. Leaving to the specialist fuller discussion of such points, we transcribe here the text of the Will as it appears to have been altered by the poet not many weeks before his death.

[1] It was found by the Rev. Joseph Green, of Stratford, in the Probate Court, London, in 1747. We give the text in modern spelling from Tannenbaum, *Problems in Shakspere's Penmanship*.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii, anno regni domini nostri Jacobi, nunc regis Angliae, etc., decimo quarto,[1] et Scotiae xlix, annoque Domini 1616.

T. Wmi. Shackspeare[2]

In the name of God, Amen! I William Shakespeare, of Stratford upon Avon in the county of Warr., gent, in perfect health and memory, God be praised, do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following, that is to say, First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Savior, to be made partaker of life everlasting, and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith[3] one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in the manner and form following, that is to say one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease, and the fifty pounds residue thereof upon her surrendering of or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in or to, one copy-hold tenement, with the

[1]It is obvious that if the original date, January, had remained, the 14 here would have been an error.

[2]Here occurs the first signature, preceded by the formal T.- *Testimonium* or witness, on the first sheet.

[3]Just married, February 10, 1616, to Thomas Quiney. Note that the "consideration," or interest, on delayed payment of the legacy was at the rate of 10 per cent.

appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid in the said county of Warr., being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall and her heirs forever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she or any issue of her body be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors are to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid; and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece[1] Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Johanna Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming shall be paid to my said sister Johanna, and after her decease the said £50 shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and, after her decease, the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease. Provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any

[1]The term then still used for granddaughter.

[time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her and the issue of her body lands answerable to the portion of this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said £150 shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Johanna £20 and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house with the appurtenances in Stratford wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of 12d.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart,————Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate, except my broad silver and gilt bowl that I now have at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russell, esquire, five pounds; to Francis Collins, of the borough of Warr. in the county of Warr., gentleman, thirteen pounds, six shillings, and eight pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet Sadler XXVI s. VIII d. to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent., XXVI s. VIII d. to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker XX s. in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent., XXVI s. VIII d.; and to Mr. John Nash XXVI s. VIII d.; and to my fellows John Heminges, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, XXVI s. VIII d. apiece to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to perform

this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called the New Place wherein now I dwell, and two messuages or tenements with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley Street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying and being or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford upon Avon, Old Stratford, Bushopton, and Welcombe, or in any of them in the said county of Warr. And also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the Blackfriars in London, near the Wardrobe; and all my other lands, tenements and hereditaments whatsoever, to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life, and after her decease, to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and of the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body lawfully issuing, one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second and third sons of her

body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakespeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my second best bed with the furniture. Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give, devise and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent., and my daughter Susanna his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament.

And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russell, esquire, and Francis Collins, gent., to be overseers hereof, and do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written.

By me William Shakespeare.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

Fra: Collyns,
Julius Shawe,
John Robinson,
Hamnet Sadler,
Robert Whattcott.

Probatum coram Magistro Willielmo Byrde, legum doctore comiss. etc., *XXII* die mensis Junii anno Domini 1616, juramento Johannis Hall, unius executorum, etc.,

cui etc., de bene, etc., jurat, reservat, potestate, etc., Susannae Hall, alteri executorum, etc., cum venerit petitur, etc.[1]

The elaborate provisions for inheritance of male heirs can hardly fail of notice; but they all proved futile, since his only direct descendant, Elizabeth Hall, who was twice married, died childless in February, 1670. It is fruitless to discuss the seemingly slight legacy to his wife; doubtless the daughter, Susanna, was deliberately chosen to take care of the property for her mother; and we have one bit of evidence to show that Susanna was a woman of more than common capacity, for her epitaph in Stratford Church (she died in 1649) records her as:

> Witty above her sex, but that's not all,
> Wise to Salvation was good Mistress Hall;
> Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
> Wholly of Him with whom she's now in bliss.

[1]The formal and conventionally abbreviated Latin formula assures us that the will was entered for probate before Justice Byrde, a duly commissioned Doctor in the Law, by John Hall, one of the executors, having authority to represent Susanna Hall, on June 22, 1616. Among the witnesses, note Collins, the lawyer who prepared the will; and Sadler, whose given name occurs in the body of the will as Hamlet.

V. TITLE-PAGES, DEDICATIONS, RECORDS OF COURT PERFORMANCES

1. Introductory: Chronological List of Works. 2. Selected Title-Pages and Dedications. 3. Performance of Plays at Court. 4. The First Folio: 1623.

1. INTRODUCTORY: CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF WORKS

We have seen that Tudor fashions did not exactly favor the printing of plays; therefore we can give no complete chronological record, from contemporary editions, of the poet's works. But modern scholarship has agreed fairly well in the effort to determine the order in which Shakespeare's plays were written. We give here a table showing this, adding, merely to enable us to place him properly among his contemporaries, a few notable works by other writers who could hardly have failed to be known to him. We shall add, also, a few examples from the various title-pages, entries in the Stationers' Register, and prefaces or dedications, concluding with the full material from the prefatory matter of what some have called the greatest book in English, the collected edition of the plays known as the First Folio. For the purpose of showing how his name had become a name well known to the publishers we shall include a sample or two of the title-pages of works ascribed to him without due warrant, and we in-

clude in the list of works *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, in which he had a hand. The table of plays follows:

ca. 1590	1, 2, 3 *Henry VI* (1590-92)	Lyly's Comedies, from *Endymion* (1579) to *Mother Bombie* (1594)
to	*Love's Labour's Lost*	Marlowe, *Tamburlaine* (*ca.* 1588); *Faustus; Jew of Malta*, 2nd ed. (1592)
ca. 1594	*Comedy of Errors*	Kyd, *Spanish Tragedy* (*ca.* 1586)
	Two Gentlemen of Verona	Greene, *Friar Bacon* (*ca.* 1589); *James IV*
	Venus and Adonis (1593)	
	Richard III (1593)	Spenser, *The Faërie Queene* (1590-96); *Amoretti* (1595)
	King John	Daniel, *Delia* (1592); Drayton, *Idea* (1594); Lodge, *Phillis* (1593)
	Rape of Lucrece (1594)	
	Titus Andronicus	Novels and Romances: Lyly, *Euphues* (1579); Sidney, *Arcadia* (1590); Greene, *Pandosto* (1588); *Menaphon* (1589); Lodge, *Rosalynde* (1590)
	Midsummer Night's Dream	
ca. 1595	*Romeo and Juliet* (1594-95)	
	Merchant of Venice	Jonson, *Every Man in His Humour* (1598)
to	*Taming of the Shrew*	Dekker, *Shoemaker's Holida* (1600)
ca. 1601	*Richard II*	Chapman, *Homer* (part, 1598)
	1, 2 *Henry IV* (1597-98)	
	Merry Wives of Windsor	
	Much Ado About Nothing	
	Henry V	
	Julius Caesar	Jonson, *Sejanus* (1603)
	As You Like It	
	Twelfth Night (1601)	
ca. 1602	*Troilus and Cressida* (1601-2)	
	All's Well	Florio, *Montaigne's Essays* (1603)
to	*Measure for Measure*	
ca. 1609	*Hamlet* (1602-4)	Marston, *The Malcontent* (1604)
	Othello	Chapman, *Bussy D'Ambois* (1607)
	King Lear	Heywood, *A Woman killed With Kindness* (1607)
	Macbeth	Middleton, *A Trick to Catch the Old One* (1607)

	Timon of Athens *Pericles*	Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Woman Hater* (1604); *The Faithful Shepherdess* (1608); *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1608); *Philaster* (1608);
	Antony and Cleopatra	*Maid's Tragedy* (1609)
	The Sonnets (printed 1609)	
	Coriolanus (1609)	Jonson, *Volpone* (1606); *Silent Woman* (1609); *Alchemist* (1610)
ca. 1610	*Cymbeline* (1610)	
	Winter's Tale	
to	*Tempest* (1611)	Webster, *The White Devil* (1612)
ca. 1613	*Henry VIII*	
	Two Noble Kinsmen (not in the Folio)	

2. SELECTED TITLE-PAGES AND DEDICATIONS

THE BUSINESS of printing and publishing books had, of course, carried over from the days of the scribe and the manuscript illuminator some of the practices of an earlier time. It was thus that the Stationers' Company, one of the survivors or successors of the medieval guilds, had in London assumed an important function of the publishing trade—protection of copyright. It is true that the copyright protection afforded was for the printer rather than for the author, and that it was no more than local, even when it could be made effective locally. The piratical publisher abounded and sometimes flourished even as do the wicked. We shall see him making no scruple to turn Shakespeare to profit. But the Company of Stationers did what they could to protect the author in his rights. To that end they required every reputable member of the company to enter in an official

Register the fact of his publishing or meaning to publish any production—ballad, pamphlet, or book. The Stationers' Register, therefore, is of priceless value to us in establishing the facts about Elizabethan publications. We give a few selected entries from the Register and a few of the title-pages of works by Shakespeare or attributed to him.

Since the connection with the court and the representation of plays at court not infrequently have supplied facts about the date of a play which neither title-page nor Stationers' Register will furnish, we note a few of those records for performances that "did take Eliza and our James."

We have seen in an earlier section that the authors of plays themselves hesitated to print them, where they did not actively prevent their publication. And we find orders from the Lord Chamberlain restraining the printers:

> The players which are his Majesty's servants have addressed themselves unto me as formerly to my predecessors in office, complaining that some printers are about to print and publish some of their plays which hitherto they have been usually restrained from by the authority of the Lord Chamberlain. Their request seems both just and reasonable as only tending to preserve them masters of their proper goods. . . . Upon this ground therefore I am induced to require your care (as formerly my predecessors have done) that no plays belonging to them be put in print without their knowledge and consent.[1]

[1]Malone Society *Collections*, I, 367.

For this reason, comparatively few of the Elizabethan plays found their way into print so long as they were actively on the stage. So far as we know, but sixteen of the plays of Shakespeare were printed in these separate editions, known as quartos, before his death. It is not our purpose to present a complete list of the quarto editions, but merely to select a few as illustrative.

The two poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, were printed with dedications signed by the author, but without his name on the title-pages:

A

VENUS AND ADONIS

Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.[1]

LONDON

Imprinted by Richard Field,[2] and are to be sold at the sign of the white Greyhound in Paules Churchyard. 1593.

B

LUCRECE

[Center of the page, for *Venus and Adonis* and for *Lucrece*, filled by a rather elaborate device of a wreathed anchor, bearing the motto: Anchora Spei.]

[1]Let the vulgar crowd admire vile things: for me let golden-haired Apollo serve cups filled with Castalian water.

[2]He came from Stratford.

LONDON

Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are to be sold at the sign of the white Greyhound in Paules Church-yard. 1594.

C

The first quarto of *Romeo and Juliet* reads:

An excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely by the Right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his servants. London, Printed by John Danter. 1597.

D

The Stationers' Register records in 1598:

July 22. Anno 40 Regine Elizabethe XXII July. James Robertes. Entred for his copie, under the hands of both the wardens, a booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyce. Provided, that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes, or anye other whatsoever, without lycence first had from the Ryht honorable the lord Chamberlen.

For some reason Roberts did not print the play at once; yet he retained his copyright, as we see from an entry in the Register, October 28, 1600:

Tho. Haies. Entred for his copie, under the hands of the wardens and by consent of Mr. Robertes, A booke called the booke of the Merchant of Venyce.

Soon thereafter both Roberts and Heyes printed the play, the title-pages differing in wording, but not in

essentials. We quote the Heyes or second quarto title:

The most excellent *Historie of the Merchant of Venice.* With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Jewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh; and the obtayning of Portia by the choyse of three chests. As it hath beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London. Printed by J. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon. 1600.

E

But Shakespeare's name had before 1600 come to be one that the printers knew. *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Henry IV*, Part I, had been issued with his name, when the clever Mr. Jaggard offered the public: "The Passionate Pilgrime, by W. Shakespeare. At London. Printed for W. Jaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Paules Church-yard. 1599." It is a thin booklet that would be even thinner if we removed from it the poems that are surely not Shakespeare's, such as the famous: "Come live with me and be my love." With two of those "Sonnets among his private friends" (see Meres) and possibly three or four other pieces, Jaggard has printed and ascribed to Shakespeare some twenty other poems. You may recall that he goes even further in a new edition (the third) of the *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1612, when he boldly adds "two Love-Epistles, the first from Paris to Helen, and

Helen's answer back again," stolen from Thomas Heywood. Heywood at once protested, in an epistle to his printer, appended to his *Apology for Actors* (1612):

Here likewise I must necessarily insert a Manifest injury done me in that work [his book of *Britain's Troy*], by taking two Epistles of Paris to Helen and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a less volume, under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steal them from him;[1] and he, to do himself right hath since published them in his own name. But as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author[2] I know much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknown to him), presumed to make so bold with his name.

F

We have given this in full because it is our only record of a clearly implied protest on the part of Shakespeare against the use of his name to sponsor works that were not his. We may guess, sometimes, that he also sought to protect himself when printers published a play from a poor text, but it is nothing more than a guess. For example:

The Tragical History of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. By William Shakespeare. As it hath been diverse times acted by his Highness' servants in the City of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford,

[1]That is, might create the impression that I had stolen them from the printer of *Britain's Troy*. [2]Shakespeare.

and elsewhere. At London, printed for N. L. and John Trundell, 1603.

This is the first quarto. The second quarto reads:

The Tragical History, etc. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect copy. At London, printed by I. R. for N. L., and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street. 1604.

Does this mean that the new edition has been issued, by authority, to protect the author? This sort of difficulty is one that must be faced by students and editors of the text of Shakespeare. We merely cite this one case of *Hamlet* to illustrate the sort of problem that is encountered, and the sort of temptation to guess more than the information at hand may warrant.

G

Another sort of problem meets us when we find a quarto:

The London Prodigall. As it was plaide by the Kings Maiesties seruants. By *VVilliam Shakespeare*. London. Printed by T. C. for *Nathaniel Butter*, and are to be sold neere *S. Austins* gate, at the signe of the pyde Bull. 1605.

Or when we find in the Stationers' Register for May 2, 1608, entered for Thomas Pavier, a "Tragedy written by Wylliam Shakespere," followed by the publication of:

A Yorkshire Tragedy. Not so New as Lamentable and

true. Acted by his Maiesties Players at the Globe. VVritten by VV. Shakespeare. At London. Printed by R. B. for Thomas Pauier, and are to bee sold at his shop on Cornhill, neere to the exchange. 1608.

Except for considerations which we cannot go into here, these plays look to be as properly authentic as:

The late, and much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole Historie, adventures and fortunes of the said Prince: As also, the no lesse strange and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by his Maiesties Servants, at the Globe on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Pater-noster row, etc. 1609.

H

A very special interest attaches to the entry for May 20, 1609: "Tho. Thorpe. Entered for his copie, under thandes of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lowndes, warden, a booke called Shakespeares Sonnettes." The title-page and dedication read: "Shake-speares Sonnets. Never before imprinted. At London by G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate. 1609."

"To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets Mr. W. H. all happinesse and that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth. T. T." We give the material as exactly as possible, not suggesting the punctua-

tion which might give a meaning, and with this fruitful offering for discussions which may have no end we close the list of illustrations about the publication of Shakespeare's works.

3. PERFORMANCE OF PLAYS AT COURT

So FAR as we can determine, Shakespeare was associated during all of his active career on the stage with a company of players that, under the powerful patronage of great nobles, high officials, or the sovereign, enjoyed greater opportunity than any other for presenting plays at royal entertainments. We quote for illustration a few records in which the actor-poet is concerned.[1]

Under the date of March 15, 1595, the records of the Treasurer of the Chamber enter a payment:

To Willm Kempe, Willm Shakespeare and Richarde Burbadge, servaunts to the Lord Chamberleyne, upon the Councelles warrant dated at Whitehall XV Marcij 1594[2] for twoe severall Comedies or enterludes shewed by them before her Majestie in Christmas tyme laste paste, viz: upon St. Stephens daye and Innocentes daye xiij li. vj s. viij d., and by waye of her Majesties rewarde vj li iij s. xiij d., in all xx li.

The curious way in which the sums are itemized (thirteen pounds, six shillings, eight pence, etc.) will confuse those not used to reckoning in English currency; but the treasurer added correctly; the total is twenty pounds, which, remembering that the pur-

[1]Lambert, *Shakespeare Documents*, p. 13. [2]Old Style.

chasing power of money was then at least ten times what it is now, would be no small addition to the income of the players, among whom our poet seems to hold high rank.

The Office Books of the Masters and Yeomen of the Revels have been the subject of unjust criticism because it was believed that in a period (about 1835 to 1850) when the Rev. John Payne Collier had thrown scholars into a panic by his admitted tampering with and forgeries in Elizabethan documents[1] these records had also been altered. The controversy continues even to the present, but confidence is generally restored by a series of careful studies of the Revels Books, and we cite the records for 1604-5, the "account of the Office of the Revels of this whole year's charge in An. 1604 until the last of October 1605."[2] The entries are made in triple column, as indicated, and the spelling is retained; two or three entries concerning other "revels" are left out, but all those concerned with the poet or his fellow-playwrights are retained. It will be seen that, as might be expected, the King's Players are most often named; that the poet's name is always spelled, "Shaxberd"; that neither in his case nor in others is the author of

[1]See Greg, ed., *Henslowe's Diary*.

[2]Quoted from Law, *Some Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries*, p. 16. The old spelling and abbreviations are retained so that the reader may judge for himself some of the minor difficulties of this document which has been a subject of much controversy. A full account of the document, which is now in the Public Record Office in London, will be found in Mr. Law's little book; the table will be found also in Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, II, 162.

the play always given; and that Shrovetide of 1605, the carnival season, seems to have been amply marked by plays.

The Plaiers		The Poets wch mayd the plaies.
By the Kings Ma^{tis} plaiers	*Hallamas Day* being the first of Novembar. A play in the Banketinge house att Whithall called The Moor of Venis.	
By his Ma^{tis} plaiers	*The Sunday* ffollowinge A Play of the Merry Wiues of Winsor.	
By his Ma^{tis} plaiers	*On St. Stiuens night* in the Hall A play caled Mesur for Mesur.	Shaxberd:
By his Ma^{tis} plaiers	*On Inosents Night* the plaie of Errors	Shaxberd:
By the Queens Ma^{tis} plaiers	*On Sunday ffollowinge* the plaie caled How to Larne of a woman to wooe	Hewood.
The Boyes of the Chapell	*On Newers Night* a play cauled all Foulles	By Georg Chapman
By his Ma^{tis} plaiers	*Between Newers Day* and Twelft day A play of Loues Labours lost:	
By his Ma^{tis} plaiers	*On the 7* of January was played the play of Henry the fift.	
By his Ma^{tis} plaiers	*The 8* of January a play cauled Every one out of his umor	
By his Ma^{tis} plaiers	*On Candelmas* night a playe Every one In his Umor	
By his Ma^{tis} plaiers	*On Shrousunday* A play of the Martchant of Venis	Shaxberd.
By his Ma^{tis} plaiers	*On Shroumonday* a Tragidy of the Spanishe Mayne.	
By his Ma^{tis} players	*On Shroutusday* a play cauled The Martchant of Venis againe comanded By the Kings Matie	Shaxberd

It will not be necessary to reproduce in the same exact way the similar entry in the Revels Book for 1611, which tells us that on Hallowmas night there was presented before King James a play called the *Tempest*, and on the fifth of November a play called the *Winter Night's Tale* (no author's name given in either case). And we may conclude this selection from the records[1] showing the connection with court performances by the

Account of the Right Honourable the Lord Stanhope of Harrington, Treasurer of his Majesty's Chamber, for all such sums of money as hath been received and paid by him within his Office, from the feast of St. Michael the Archangel [September 29], Anno Regni Regis Jacobi Decimo (1612), until the feast of St. Michael, Anno Regni Regis Jacobi undecimo (1613), containing one whole year.

Item: Paid to John Heminges upon like warrant, dated at Whitehall the ninth day of July, 1613, for himself and the rest of his fellows, his Majesty's servants and players, for presenting a play before the Duke of Savoy's Ambassador, on the eighth day of June, 1613, called *Cardenna*, the sum of six pounds, thirteen shillings, four pence.

Item: Paid to John Heminges, upon the Council's warrant dated at Whitehall the twentieth day of May, 1613, for presenting before the Prince's Highness, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, fourteen several plays, viz.: one play called *Philaster;* one other called *The Knot of Fools;* one other, *Much Ado About Noth-*

[1]Lambert, *Shakespeare Documents*, p. 74; *Shakspere Allusion Book*, I, 241.

ing; The Maid's Tragedy; The Merry Devil of Edmonton; The Tempest; A King and No King; The Twins' Tragedy; The Winter's Tale; Sir John Falstaff; The Moor of Venice; The Nobleman; Caesar's Tragedy; and one other called *Love Lies A-Bleeding:* All which plays were played within the time of this account, viz.: paid the sum of four score and thirteen pounds, six shillings, eight pence.

Item: Paid to the said John Heminges upon the like warrant, dated at Whitehall the twentieth day of May, 1613, for presenting six several plays, viz: one play called *A Bad Beginning Makes a Good Ending;* one other called *The Captain;* one other, *The Alchemist;* one other, *Cardenno;* one other, *The Hotspur;* and one other called *Benedict and Betteris:* all played within the time of this account, viz.: paid forty pounds, and by way of his Majesty's reward twenty pounds, in all sixty pounds.

It will be noted that these plays were of the period devoted to a special celebration at court. The Lady Elizabeth, daughter of James I, married the Elector Palatine, and was known to us (in the days before it became unfashionable to know persons and mere trivialities instead of the economic interpretation of history) as the unfortunate "Snow Queen" of the Thirty Years' War. The plays that are Shakespeare's may in most cases be readily guessed at, though we may be wrong to think (?) that Heminges' company would hardly play any other tragedy about Caesar than *Julius Caesar*, or any other Falstaff than in the *Merry Wives*, or any other Hotspur than that Harry of the North in *1 Henry IV*. There is twice mention of a play called *Cardenna*, or *Cardenno*—scholars guess,

with every chance of being right, that this was the now lost play, by Fletcher and Shakespeare, *Cardenio*. One of the oddest of what one might call a new set of *Tales from Shakespeare* might concern itself with how Lewis Theobald (1688-1744), who was elevated to the throne in the *Dunciad* by his contemporary, Pope, used the story of Cardenio (from *Don Quixote*) to concoct a play which he got acted at Drury Lane (1727), and afterwards published as written originally by Shakespeare and revised by Theobald. During his own lifetime our great poet had to put up with having all sorts of works not his proclaimed for sale under his name. After his death the rising tide brought some ten more drifting plays of the seventeenth century to swirl uneasily about his name; and the eighteenth century took to producing Shakespeare Antiques while you waited (witness Theobald and Ireland). It was but little wonder that there should be an ebb tide, wherein the Baconians have sought to fulfill the scriptures and to "take from him even that which he hath."

4. THE FIRST FOLIO, 1623

THE MEN who collected and published the plays of Shakespeare seven years after his death were two of his "fellows" from the King's Men, both of whom are remembered in his will, John Heminges, treasurer of the company, and Henry Condell. It is not our purpose to discuss in detail the technical points about the First Folio. It will be sufficient here to say

that modern scholarship has not been able to add a single whole play to the list they gave (*Pericles* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen* are not included); that without their care we should not have had such plays as *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *Julius Caesar*, and *Macbeth*, which with a dozen others had not been printed before; that they sought the highest patronage for their volume, and provided for a portrait of the author and for tributes from notable contemporaries; and that the book remains substantially the canon for the plays, the richest product of English imagination. There are two introductory addresses, the first to the patrons, the second most prophetically dedicated "to the great variety of readers." What other English book, save the King James (1611) edition of the Bible, has better earned a right to carry such an address?

On the leaf opposite the title-page stands the little poem by Ben Jonson:

To the reader.

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature to outdo the life:
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But since he cannot, Reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

B. J.

We may, of course, be altogether wrong in the matter, but modern readers quite generally believe that downright old Ben had looked upon the Droeshout engraving when he wrote these lines, wisely counseling you to "look not on his picture, but his book."

The title-page reads:

Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies. (Portrait) London. Printed by Isaac Jaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

The dedication and addresses are signed by the two actors and contain information that may be highly useful to us, if we read the statements without intent to make them serve our own purposes. For example, the selection of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, as a patron, and the assertion that he had shown both the plays and their author much favor, has gone a good way toward establishing as fact the whole "Dark Lady" fiction in the minds of determined students of the *Sonnets*. We have no warrant to make such use of these items, even if it be proved that "Mr. W. H." was William Herbert.

"To the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren, William Earl of Pembroke, etc., Lord Chamberlain to the King's most excellent Majesty, and Philip Earl of Montgomery, etc., Gentleman of his Majesty's Bedchamber. Both Knights of the most noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

Right Honourable,

Whilst we study to be thankful in our particular for the many favors we have received from your L. L., we are fallen upon the ill fortune to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear and rashness: rashness in the enterprize and fear of the success. For, when we value the places your H. H. sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles: and while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L. L. have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore, and have prosecuted both them and their author, living, with so much favor, we hope that (they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any book choose his patrons or find them: This hath done both. For so much were your L. L. likings of the several parts when they were acted, as before they were published the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians: without ambition either of self profit or fame, only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come near your L. L. but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have: and many nations (we have heard) that had not gums and incense

obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach their gods by what means they could. And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remains of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them may be ever your L. L., the reputation, and the faults ours, if any be committed by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living and the dead, as is

Your Lordship's most bounden,

John Heminge
Henry Condell.

To the Great Variety of Readers.—From the most able to him that can but spell,—there you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed, especially when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities, and not of your heads alone but of your purses. Well! It is now public, and you will stand for your privileges, we know, to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a book, the stationer says. Then, how odd soever your brains be, or your wisdoms, make your licence the same and spare not. Judge your six-pen'orth, your shilling's worth, your five shillings' worth at a time, or higher, so you can rise to the just rates, and welcome. But whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade or make the jack go. And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Blackfriars or the Cockpit to arraign plays daily, know, these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals, and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings; but since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them; and so to have published them as where, before, you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious imposters that expose them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them, who as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together, and what he thought, he uttered with that easyness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him. And there we hope, to your diverse capacities, you will find enough both to draw and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Read him, therefore, and again and again; and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, whom, if you need, can be your guides. If you need them not, you can lead yourselves and others; and such readers we wish him.—John Heminge.—Henrie Condell.

The tributes of Johnson and others follow:

To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare: and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man nor Muse can praise too much.
Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right:
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but grope, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron: What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My SHAKESPEARE, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
Thou art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,—
I mean with great but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I would not seek
For names, but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,

Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvis, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for a comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame,
Or for the laurel he may gain to scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race

Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turned and true filed lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned
like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

Ben Jonson.

Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenic Poet, Master William Shakespeare.

Those hands which you so clapped, go now and wring,
You Britons brave; for done are Shakespeare's days:
His days are done, that made the dainty plays,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring.
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,
Turned all to tears, and Phoebus clouds his rays:
That corpse, that coffin now bestick those bays
Which crowned him poet first, then poets' king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this:
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the grave,
Death's public tiring-house, the *Nuncius* is.
For though his line of life went soon about,

The life yet of his lines shall never out.

Hugh Holland.

To the Memory of the deceased Author, Master W. Shakespeare.

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works: thy works by which out-live
Thy tomb thy name must: When that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages: when posterity
Shall loathe what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's every line, each verse
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.
Nor fire nor cankering age, as Naso said
Of his, thy wit-fraught book shall once invade.
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
Though missed, until our bankrupt stage be sped.
Impossible, with some new strain, to outdo
Passions of Juliet and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take
Than when thy half-sword parleying Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expressed,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But crowned with laurel live eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memory of M. W. Shakespeare.

We wondered, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room.

We thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part.
That's but an *exit* of mortality;
This, a re-entrance to a plaudite.

I. M.

Following these tributes from men well enough known in their time (Jonson needs no introduction; Holland, Digges, and James Mabbe are now forgotten), the editors give:

The Workes of William Shakespeare, containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: truely set forth, according to their first Originall. The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes.

William Shakespeare	Samuel Gilburne
Richard Burbadge	Robert Armin
John Hemmings	William Ostler
Augustine Phillips	Nathan Field
William Kempt	John Underwood
Thomas Poope	Nicholas Tooley
George Bryan	William Ecclestone
Henry Condell	Joseph Taylor
William Slye	Robert Benfield
Richard Cowly	Robert Goughe
John Lowine	Richard Robinson
Samuell Crosse	John Shancke
Alexander Cooke	John Rice.

VI. SUMMARY OF CHURCH RECORDS AND INSCRIPTIONS

THE FAMILY of Shakespeare, whether we set much store by the coat of arms or not, was not an obscure one, and the records concerning it in the Shakespeare and Arden lines might be made to seem quite imposing. We shall here content ourselves with recording what may be found in the registers of the Church of the Holy Trinity, or on monuments there, concerning the poet and his immediate family.

In the baptismal register we find:

1. September 15, 1558, Joan Shakspere, daughter to John Shakspere.
2. December 2, 1562, Margareta, filia Johannis Shakspere.
3. April 26, 1564, Gulielmus, filius Johannes Shakspere.
4. October 13, 1566, Gilbertus, filius Johannes Shakspere.
5. April 15, 1569, Jone, the daughter of John Shakspere.
6. September 28, 1571, Anna, filia Magistri Shakspere.
7. March 11, 1573, Richard, son to Mr. John Shakspere.
8. May 3, 1580, Edmund, son to Mr. John Shakspere.
9. May 26, 1583, Susanna, daughter to William Shakspere.

10. February, 1584, Hamnet and Judith, son and daughter to William Shakspere.

In comment it will be necessary to say only that the first two children of John Shakespeare, Joan and Margaret, died in infancy.

Among the marriage records we find that of the poet's daughter Susanna to Dr. John Hall, June 5, 1607, and of Judith to Thomas Quiney, February 10, 1616.

The burial records show:

April 4, 1579, Anne Shakespeare.
August 11, 1596, Hamnet, filius William Shakspere.
September 8, 1601, Mr. John Shakespeare.
September 9, 1608, Mary Shakespeare, widow.
February 3, 1612, Gilbert Shakespeare, adolescens.
February 4, 1613, Richard Shakespeare.
April 25, 1616, Will Shakspere, gent.
August 8, 1623, Mrs. Shakspeare.

The poet's brother, Edmund, died in December, 1607, and is buried in the Church of St. Saviour's, Southwark.

The graves of Shakespeare and his wife have been so often described and pictured that we need do no more than present a few facts. In the first place, the fact that the poet was buried within the chancel rail before the altar means that, along with other county notables, he was regarded as a gentleman and a distinguished citizen. Following the plan we have tried to adhere to, we cite the earliest available de-

scriptions of the grave and the monument.

There are five members or connections of the poet's family buried in the Church, other members of the family in the churchyard; beginning at the extreme left as you face the altar, Anne (Hathaway) Shakespeare (1623); William Shakespeare (1616); Thomas Nashe (1647—first husband of Elizabeth Hall); John Hall (1635—husband of Susanna Shakespeare); Susanna (Shakespeare) Hall (1649). Mrs. Shakespeare's tomb bears a brass plate, with six lines of conventional Latin, and the name: "Here lieth interred the body of Anne, wife of Mr. William Shakespeare, who departed this life the 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 years." Upon the tomb of Mrs. Hall are engraved the verses describing her as "witty above her sex," and: "Here lieth the body of Susanna, wife to John Hall, Gent., the daughter of William Shakespeare, Gent. She deceased the 11th of July, A. D. 1649, age 66."

Upon the stone slab over the poet's grave were cut the rude but stern and effective verses, better known than many a more ambitious epitaph:

> Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear
> To dig the dust enclosed here:
> Blest be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones.

No man, surely, knew better than Shakespeare the power of words. The use of the *my* in the last line is not the only evidence to the fact that these words were written by him. We may be pardoned for de-

parting from our custom here to suggest that the sensitive, imaginative nature that underlay the exterior of "gentle Will" felt a peculiar repugnance to the physical horrors of decay and dissolution, so unforgettably pictured, as different aspects presented themselves, in such passages as *Romeo and Juliet*, iv, i, 81-86, iv, iii, 36-44 or Sonnet 74, or by Hamlet with the skull of Yorick. At all events the verses were there when the antiquary Sir William Dugdale first saw the tomb (1634); and two visitors some sixty years later (John Dowdall, 1693, and William Hall, 1694) give interesting testimony. Dowdall,[1] in a manuscript account of places visited in Warwickshire, says:

The first remarkable place in this county that I visited was Stratford-super-Avon, where I saw the effigies of our English tragedian, Mr. Shakespeare; part of his epitaph I sent to Mr. Lowther, and desired he would impart it to you, which I find by his last letter he has done; but here I send you the whole inscription. Just under his effigies in the wall of the chancel is this written:

Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus maeret, Olympus habet.
Stay, passenger, why goest thou by soe fast?
Read if thou canst, whome envious death hath plac't
Within this monument; Shakespeare, with whome
Quick nature dyed; whose name doth deck the tombe
Far more than cost, sith all that he hath writt

[1] *Shakspere Allusion Book*, II, 391; Also in Halliwell-Phillipps, II, 70.

Leaves liveing art but page to serve his witt.
Obiit A Dni. 1616, Aetat. 53, Die 23 Apr.

Near the wall where his monument is erected lieth a plain freestone, underneath which his body is buried with this epitaph made by himself a little before his death.

Good friend, for Jesus sake forbeare
To digg the dust inclosed here!
Bles't be the man that spares these stones,
And Curs't be he that moves my bones.

The clark that showed me this church is above 80 years old; he says that this Shakespeare was formerly in this town bound apprentice to a butcher, but that he run from his master to London, and there was received into the play-house as a servitor, and by this means had an opportunity to be what he afterwards proved. He was the best of his family, but the male line is extinguished. Not one for fear of the curse abovesaid dare touch his grave stone, though his wife and daughters did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him.

In the year following, 1694, William Hall[1] wrote to his friend Edward Thwaites:

I very greedily embrace this occasion of acquainting you with something which I found at Stratford-upon-Avon. That place I came unto on Thursday night, and the next day went to visit the ashes of the great Shakespeare which lie interred in that church. The verses which, in his lifetime, he ordered to be cut upon his

[1]Halliwell-Phillipps, II, 72.

tombstone, for his monument have others, are these which follow:

> Reader, for Jesus's sake forbear
> To dig the dust enclosed here;
> Blessed be he that spares these stones,
> And cursed be he that moves my bones.

The little learning these verses contain would be a very strong argument of the want of it in the author, did not they carry something in them which stands in need of a comment. There is in this church a place which they call the bone-house, a repository for all the bones they dig up, which are so many that they would load a great number of waggons. The poet, being willing to preserve his bones unmoved, lays a curse upon him that moves them, and having to do with clarks and sextons, for the most part a very ignorant sort of people, he descends to the meanest of their capacities, and disrobes himself of that art which none of his co-temporaries wore in greater perfection. Nor has the design missed of its effect, for, lest they should not only draw this curse upon themselves, but also entail it upon their posterity, they have laid him full seventeen foot deep, deep enough to secure him.

The two witnesses corroborate each other sufficiently. We have only to add a few words about the bust in the wall to the left of the grave. This is believed to have been set up before 1623, since there seems to be an allusion to it in the lines of Leonard Digges quoted above.

The bust is set within an arch flanked by two Corinthian columns supporting a cornice and en-

tablature, over which a stone block bears the Shakespeare arms and crest, a skull resting on a ledge above. The bust itself was originally colored, the hair and beard auburn, the eyes hazel, and those who see it now see these colors restored; for once the great Shakespeare scholar Malone, who did so much to add to our knowledge of the plays, in a misguided desire to preserve the bust had it whitewashed! The poet's face is probably depicted with faithfulness, but the sculptor was not an artist of great powers. We know from the description and sketch given by the antiquary Dugdale that the bust is the same now as he described before 1650, and that the sculptor was one of the brothers, Garret or Nicholas Johnson, quite noted for similar effigies. Beneath the arch for the bust is a panel bearing the lines recorded above by Dowdall:

Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus maeret, Olympus habet.[1]
Stay passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this monument; Shakespeare with whome
Quick nature dide; whose name doth deck ys tombe
Far more then cost; sith all yt he hath writt
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.
Obiit ano. doi. 1616 Aetatis 53 Die 23 Ap.

There should be little doubt that the people of Stratford well understood the greatness of Shake-

[1]In judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates, in art a Virgil: The earth covers him, the people mourn him, Olympus hath him.

speare, whom the inscription ranks quite truthfully above all living poets and safe in the Olympian home of poets. Others in England seem also to have understood his greatness and certainly suggested that he should be buried in Westminster, where such names as those of Chaucer and Spenser were already establishing the tradition of Poets' Corner. Note the unmistakable reference to the proposal in Jonson's noble lines in the Folio; and let us add the lines of an humbler poet-admirer, William Basse, first published in 1633 with John Donne's poems, then later prefixed to the edition of Shakespeare's Poems in 1640:

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until Doomsday, for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day and that by Fate be slain
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.
If your precedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulcher,
Under this carved marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone;
Thy unmolested peace, unshared cave,
Possess as lord, not tenant, of thy grave,
That unto us and others it may be
Honor hereafter to be laid by thee.

There is clearly allusion here, it would seem, to the "carved marble" of the monument, and to the grave

possessed "as lord, not tenant," in verses written as early as 1620. And with these words we close the documentary records concerning one whom the most astounding fusion of perverse ingenuity, ignorance, and misinformation has now and then pronounced merely an ignorant and little known country mountebank. We leave the record for your judgment.

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